

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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THE 'LIVELY PEGGY.'

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As long as there were new listeners to gather about him Ozias sang his song of triumph, and bathed himself in the pleasure that rewards the bearer of news. But the Beremouth folk were few, and when he had exhausted his audience, he bethought him of an outstanding claim and of one to whom it was his duty in a special degree to impart his tidings. He called for a boat, chose the best of a dozen that were eagerly offered, and two minutes later he was on his way to the Cove. One treat, and a high treat, still remained—to tell the story to his old employer; and with enthusiasm, simple soul as he was, he pictured the joyful amazement with which it would be welcomed.

The man who rowed the boat and was aware of his purpose took another view of the matter. For as they rounded the Point, 'The old man,' he said, 'do keep himself to himself, Cap'en, these days. You'd ought to know that, for sure. 'Twere a terrible blow to him, his nevy going.'

'Ay, ay,' Ozias conceded. 'Twould be.' And then remembering that for the last twenty-four hours he had wallowed in worldly things and that a word was never out of season, 'Poor things we be, Jack,' he said. 'A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself.'

Jack applied the saying literally. 'Well,' he replied, 'that's what he do do, Cap'en. Hides, he does, and very ugly he's been, late days. 'Tis much if there's a soul in Beremouth has set eyes on him. They do say,' he continued, shaking his head, 'that he be drinking, and drinking alone!'

Ozias came sharply to the surface again. 'Lord's sake, that's bad!' he said. 'Drinking alone! Oh dear, dear, that's bad! But we'll soon change that,' he continued, recovering his spirits

as he thought of the news he bore. 'We'll have him at the Keppel Head 'fore he's a day older, see if we don't! You wait here, my lad,' he added, as the boat grounded, 'and I'll have him down here in two shakes.'

The man shook his head. 'I'd rather you than me, Cap'en. He's the black dog on his back that bad, 'twill take a lot, I'm thinking, to move him!'

'What? Wi' this news? Why——'

'But 'taint news of Joe,' the other said shrewdly. 'Happen he mayn't be as pleased as you think, Master.'

'You're a fool, Jack!' Ozias retorted. He left the boat and strode across the shingle with the foot of a conqueror.

He felt a little less sanguine when he had put his head into the shed and found it silent and deserted. Tools lay here and there, in no order. A boat lay keel uppermost, the gap where a strake had been removed still yawning. Sand had blown in and lay thick on bench and desk. The place had the forlorn look of a place abandoned. 'By gum!' Ozias muttered, as his eyes travelled over its state and took it in. 'The old man's hard hit, there's no denying!'

He turned from the shed with a sobered face and went up to the house—the white-washed, creeper-clad house that, snugly set and sheltered on three sides, looked out on the sea; the house that Budgen loved and many a one in Beremouth coveted. As he approached the door, the stillness of the scene impressed him unpleasantly. The garden looked behind-hand and neglected, the potato-hog yawned open and empty, and upon the doorstep stood a bucket that apparently had halted there on its way to the stream. He raised his hand to knock, but in the act he saw through the window the figure of Budgen crouching before the hearth over a handful of fire. Ozias did not need to see the man's face; the attitude was enough. 'By gum!' he repeated. 'He's took it hard! He's took it hard surely! But we'll soon change that or I'm a Dutchman!'

He knocked and without ceremony opened the door and turned into the living-room. His seaman's eye took in a bottle and glass on the table at Budgen's elbow; and had there been a second glass, he would have filled it offhand and drunk to the prize and so broken the news in right-down fitting fashion. But there was no second glass, and he did the next best thing. Three strides took him to the man's side. He smacked him on the back. 'Heart up!' he cried

jovially. 'There's news! Good news, man! No more need to mope!'

The blow brought Budgen to his feet, but the face that he turned on his assailant struck the laugh from Ozias's lips. 'To hell with you!' he snarled. 'What do you——' And then with the word on his lips, and his eyes still glaring at his visitor, some sobering thought crossed his mind, or the fumes of liquor passed from his brain. The rage died out of his eyes, he raised his hand as if to ward off a blow. 'What—what news?' he stammered, and if Copestake had never seen terror in a man's face before he saw it then. 'What is it?'

'Why, Lord ha' mercy, what's the matter with you?' Ozias retorted. He hastened to reassure him. 'Why, the best news! The best! Why, Budgen, man, what's come to you? You couldn't look more scared, blind my eyes, if a ghost had come in! And 'stead of that I bring you news, rare news, glorious news, man! News that'd curl the hair of a dead corpse, I tell ye!'

But Budgen's eyes still wore that half-veiled look of horror. He muttered something incoherent, he passed his tongue across his lips. 'Is it—is it news o' Joe?' he muttered.

Ozias rose in his scorn. 'Of that little rat!' he cried. 'It's a deal better than that! Why, that brig o' yourn that sailed out of here so quiet as may be, her'll be the talk of Devon! Ay, and foreign parts! Her'll be in the papers, and the *Gazette*, I shouldn't wonder! And Rector giving thanks o' Sunday for special mercies! Why, her'll never be forgotten, man—never be forgotten, will the *Lively Peggy*! There's not a Beremouth man don't walk an inch higher and not a stranger but may call for what he wills, and where he wills, and no reckoning!'

'But nothing—nothing o' Joe?' Budgen muttered. He looked askance at a dark corner of the floor as if he saw something lurking in the shadow. 'You've heard—nothing of him?'

'Gosh, man!' Ozias retorted. 'Canst think of nothing but him—that rubbishy rag of a chap, when I tell you—but there. I ain't told you! And you'll sing another tune when you've heard! Howsoever, let's taste your tippie, for I'm darned if you wouldn't take the heart out of a flea!' He poured some liquor into Budgen's glass, swigged it off with gusto, and having smacked his lips proceeded to tell the story with many heightening touches and as many oaths of admiration.

Budgen listened, but he listened with the same downcast look.

He did not rise to the occasion. As the other said, it would have taken the heart out of a flea. Ozias climbed to greater and greater heights; never had his favourite preacher beaten the desk to more advantage. But to his amazement neither the story nor his comments wiped the look of gloom from Budgen's face. The man did at last, as the tale unfolded itself, speak a word, but his thoughts took a direction that rendered Copestake both angry and unhappy.

'How—how many lost?' he muttered, his eyes averted.

'Lost their numbers? Well, two for certain, poor chaps, and no one more sorry than me! But, Lord, 'tis the fortune of war, and what we're paid for! And cheap, man—cheap at that!'

But, 'Two?' Budgen repeated, and he shivered. He still kept that sidelong watch on the corner that, as the other said afterwards, made his flesh creep.

'Oh, bother!' Ozias scolded. He began to think that the man had the horrors. 'Darn me, man, never did I see such a wet blanket!'

Budgen shook his head. 'He'll never bring her in,' he muttered. 'He'll never bring her in.'

'Confound you for a Jeremiah!'

'He'll never bring her in!' Budgen repeated drearily. 'And for why? The brigantine left her half-manned, and crippled. In a sea, with a head wind.'

'That come after, I tell ye!' Ozias argued irritably. 'Twas the day after the wind shifted.'

But Budgen took no heed. 'With a head wind,' he muttered, 'and th' enemy's coast under his lee. He'll not save her. 'Tis—'tis over by now, over, I doubt.'

'You're a liar!' Ozias swore, put beside himself by this evil augury. He struck the table in his anger.

'He'll not be let to,' Budgen persisted, his eyes still avoiding Ozias's. 'There's—there's a fate in it.' His gaze rose for a second to the other's face, and fled again. Ozias saw his lips move without sound.

He made Copestake so uncomfortable with his dark words and his darker looks that the man wished that he had not come. 'Well,' he said, 'you be the coldest of cold comforters in this 'varsal world, and that for certain! As well never send a ship to sea as call her lost before she's reported! And bad luck too. And odds are she's safe in Falmouth or the Cattewater in half a dozen tides, if she bain't there now!'

Budgen looked at him. 'She'll never see Lizard Head,' he said.

'Well, I'm d—d!' Ozias cried. He felt some fear as well as anger. What if the man did see more in that shadowy corner than was there? And spoke out of some dark knowledge, not his own, hell-born, may be! 'See me bring you news again! Why, you are worse than the old witch at Netherhampton! You ought to be swum for an old woman, darn me if you oughtn't!' And he was so disgusted that he was glad to make an end of it and escape—to fling out of the house and stalk fuming and cursing down to the boat.

The man who was waiting for him read his inflamed face aright. 'Well, Cap'en,' he said. 'I told you so.'

Ozias had put one foot in the boat and was about to thrust off with the other. He changed his mind. He withdrew the foot. 'You are as big a fool, one as the other!' he said viciously. 'If I sit there and listen to you I'll burst. Off you go!' And he thrust off the boat. 'You're all blessed Jeremiahs together! I would not sail with such a crew on half shares and soft tack, for the best prize afloat. I'll walk!'

The result was that as, still fuming and scolding, he tramped back, taking the longest way to work off his feelings, he met the Rector, who had parted twenty minutes before from his daughter and Wyke. The Rector was striding along with his head in the air, and hope in his heart. Seeing Ozias, the man whom at that moment he most wished to see, he quickened his pace. Ozias could tell him everything, and first hand, he thought.

'Well, Copestake,' he said genially, 'this is grand news that you've brought.'

An hour before Ozias would have crowed like a cock and answered jubilation with jubilation. But he had had his cold douche, and he was out of temper, for in spite of his teeth Budgen's gloomy face haunted him and depressed him. Still he tried to rally. He didn't deny that the news was fine.

'Ay,' he said, 'it's grand news, your reverence, grand news. If so be as all goes well with the brig!'

But this was measured praise. It fell so much below the Rector's expectations that his confidence, a little shaken before, felt the shock. 'If all goes well?' he repeated. 'Do you mean, then, that you have doubts, Copestake?'

'Well, you see, sir, it depends on whether he brings her in, don't it? That's how 'tis, sir.'

'But I thought—I thought that you had every hope of that?'

Ozias looked about him for a place to spit, but in the Rector's presence he refrained. 'Well, I had!' he allowed frankly, puzzled himself by the change in his feelings. 'Ay, for sure I had. But that there dark owl down there would shake a marble saint, and that's the truth! I wish to heaven I'd never seen his nightmare of a face! You might wring my clothes out since I listened to him, your reverence. He don't answer nor argufy, confound him, but squints as if the devil was whispering in his ear, and telling him what's to come of it! I came very near to knocking in his ugly face, and I wish I had! I declare I wish I had! What's the sense o' talking as if all's lost, I'd like to know?'

The lightsomeness had fled from the Rector's face. 'Who are you speaking of?' he asked, though he knew the answer well. 'Whom have you been seeing, Copestake?'

'Why, the devil himself, I think! Budgen, to be sure! I never knew,' Ozias continued in a burst of confidence, 'such a croaker ship-board or shore, as what he is! The man won't hear but what they are lost! All lost! Never see the Lizard, never see the Lizard is all his song, as certain as if he could see 'em in Davy's locker this moment! Says it's fate! D——n his fate!' Ozias exclaimed, forgetting in whose company he stood. 'I do b'lieve he thinks his nevy a Jonah, and they must all be lost 'cause his ugly carcass is aboard!'

The Rector's face was very grave as he looked down the road. 'What do you think yourself, Copestake?' he asked. He wanted comfort badly, but he had little hope of it.

'Well, since I talked to him I don't know what I think. There's risks—of course there's risks!' Ozias repeated irritably, kicking away a stone. 'There's always risks at sea, same as on land! And there's no denying they be half-manned and half-rigged, and the pumps 'll be going, I warn; and odds are they'd have a headwind out of the Bay. And if they fell in with another mounseer, well, they'd be in poor fettle to fight.'

The Rector's face had grown more and more serious as he listened. 'Then you don't feel much confidence?' he said.

'Confidence!' Ozias spoke querulously. 'Who would feel confidence after talking to that bird of ill omen? For that is what he is, and looks it! Truth is, I don't know. An hour ago I'd ha' said that the man as could take that sloop in fair fight would be man enough to bring her in if he swam behind and pushed her! But since I talked to Budgen—if 'twas Budgen and not the old 'un

in his skin—I don't know what to think. Only Mr. Bligh 'll make a thundering good try, I'm sure o' that. He'll bring 'em in if 'tis to be done !'

'He'd steer for Falmouth, I suppose ?'

'Plymouth or Falmouth—first port under his lee, or he might fall in with a frigate or an armed sloop, like as not ! But 'tis rare to meet with them when they're wanted ! They'd see him in.'

'When do you think we shall hear ?' the Rector asked, his head bent down, and his eyes on the road that he was prodding with his cane.

'Ah, when ? No saying at all. Depends on how much she's crippled and how long he's getting up his jury masts, and the wind and a mort o' things. There's no time at sea, sir. He might be in to-morrow, though it's not what I'd expect. Or he might be a week out, or supposing him driven into the Atlantic—and you may be sure he'd haul off the coast—he may be a fortnight beating up.'

The Rector sighed. 'We must hope for the best,' he said.

Ozias had never met the Rector in this mood before, and he thought to himself that they had not given the devil his due.

'That's it, your reverence,' he said heartily. 'And keep up the young lady's spirits. Her man's a man, and I'd give ten pounds o' my own money to see him set foot on Beremouth jetty.'

The Rector nodded. 'Thank you, Copestake,' he said. 'Yes, we must keep up our hearts—and hers. You won't, of course, tell her there's any danger ?'

'God forbid, sir ! No, no ! She'll know soon enough, poor thing, if it comes.'

They parted, and the Rector went on. But the jauntiness was gone from his step, and he no longer swung his cane. His face was gloomy with thought. He gazed before him, but he saw, not the things that were in sight, the winding, rutted road, the gorse-clad hill-side, a glimpse of shining sea peeping over a green shoulder. He saw instead Budgen's face as Copestake, blind and undiscerning, had limned it—sullen and hopeless, the face of a man taken in evil, caught in his own net, of a man aware too late of the vengeance that he had called down upon his own head. And with something of the old horror the Rector owned the guilty man his fellow ; his fellow not in the crime—God forbid !—but in the retribution, in the judgment that had not yet fallen, but hung ready to fall, and that Budgen by every word he had said, and every look, had owned to be his due !

'O miserable man!' the Rector reflected, his face darkened by his thoughts. 'Taught too late that there is a God that judgeth the world! And am I, too, in the same condemnation? Must I, too, look forward with the same hopelessness, the same certainty of a price to be paid? Must I, too, see the sins of the father visited upon the innocent child?'

He tried to put the thought from his mind. He called reason to his aid. He told himself that nothing was changed, nothing was altered, that things were as they had been when the news came in and cheered all hearts. He strove to think that the chances were good, the risk, great as it was, inevitable. And he prayed earnestly and humbly, his pride put off. But in vain. A cloud had fallen upon his spirit, and though he walked far along the cliffs, walked until the sea stretched dark below him, and lights shone from the scattered farms that lay to landward, he could not shake off the depression that weighed him down.

What he could do, he did. He sent that night, and within the hour, messengers to Plymouth and to Falmouth, a third even to Portsmouth; bidding them await the event each in his place. And upon all he impressed the same thing with endless repetition. They were to bring the news, good or bad, to him—to him. They were to tell it to no one—to no one at all, until they had seen him. He would remain at home. He would be there at all hours, day and night. He could not say this often enough to them. He lost minutes, he kept the men standing while he repeated the warning again and again.

If he could but stop one cranny against fate!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE fiercer the fire the sooner it burns down. Whatever might be the reason, the jubilation that for a few hours turned Beremouth crazy and filled the night with raucous choruses did not last. Whether the shortness of its reign was due to reaction, or to the little band of women, who flitted white-faced and tearful from door to door and would not be quieted, or to some word let fall by Ozias in his cups, the last rant of 'Spanish Ladies' had barely died upon a bleak dawn before the little port began first to count the cost of victory and then to doubt the victory itself.

Sober heads of families, men who a few hours before had roared

and bragged with the best, became—and all in a moment as it seemed—critical and despondent, sharers in the women's alarm. Gathered before the Keppel Head to take the dram that queasy stomachs demanded, or in knots upon the quay where the smell of fishes' heads was least pungent, they fell to asking what news of Bill, and if aught had been heard of Barney; and they got no answer. From this to noting the scantiness of the news and the lack of detail was but a step, and depression set in. Presently one more clear-sighted than his fellows lifted his voice and in an unhappy moment of vision put the question.

'What if they don't bring 'em in after all?' he asked. 'Have 'ee thought o' that? 'Taint enough to strip the net. Ye've got to bring the fish in.'

'That's gospel true!'

'Ay, and past Ushant,' an old salt said, shaking his head. 'And that be as plaguy a bit o' sea both for gales and mounseers as I know anywhere. A right awk'ard bit, surelie!'

'It be! And her half crippled, as one may say.'

'I wish I see 'em coming in now,' quoth the first speaker darkly. 'But I'm fearing it's a sight ye'll none of ye see. 'Tis too good to be true, mates. How many of a crew do 'ee guess he'll ha' left fit to haul and steer, much more to serve a gun? And two to sail and two to hold! He'll never do it!'

'And, you see,' quavered an old man who had not spoken before, 'where there's wounded there's like to be killed. How many?' He looked at the ground before his feet, his hand shaking on his staff. 'How many? And who'll we see back?'

This was too hopeless a view, and one of his fellows objected to it. 'Come, George, that's not like you,' he said uncomfortably. 'No need to scare the women.'

George did not reply, but a silence fell upon the group, and presently it broke up, the older men creeping home, while others turned into the Keppel Head and called for a well-thumbed chart that hung in the parlour and had hung there no man knew how long. This was spread upon a table, and they bent over it, the scholar or two among them marking off distances with their horny nails, and muttering of leagues and so on, Penmarch Point and the like. Even these dispersed after a time, but the voices of the women in lane and alley, clamouring for news and threatening visits, now to Budgen and now to the Rector, were not to be silenced. Their voices slowly and inexorably spread gloom through the place.

'Bide home and rest!' men told them testily—but in vain. Who was wounded? they wanted to know. For it was no new thing that they feared. It was a common end for Beremouth folk, as we know. To sail away with the morning tide, leaving home and babes and straining eyes and sore hearts: and to return no more. To be lost in the mist of the offing and the mistier beyond, and to be just—gone! No funeral, no gathering of neighbours, no green mound in the churchyard on the Point—only the women for the most part lay under the squat Norman tower—but to be just—missing. It was the fate, sooner or later, of many a strong man in Beremouth. He sailed away, and his leaning-post on the quay knew him no more. The inexorable sea, or the greedy war, had taken him.

Meanwhile, though the women's wailing was not to be stilled, and the sound of their shrill voices drove more than one old salt into hiding, not a woman among them forgot herself so far as to carry her fears to the Cottage. Nor, to do them justice, was it her position as the Rector's daughter that shielded Peggy; it was the charity of sex, and the babe that was coming, and perhaps more than all the whisper that ran round that the young wife in her abounding pride felt no alarm. They pitied her inexperience, but to a woman they respected it. They wondered and in sanguine moments they drew some comfort from her example. Judging her by themselves it did not strike them that she might fear, and not show it; that trained to a higher control she might possess a trembling soul in silence, and that even when panic assailed her and she saw her terror reflected in the Captain's eyes, she might set such a value on her husband's achievement—knowing what it was to him—as lifted her above despair.

Yet that was the case. Peggy did not know the grounds, certainly not all the grounds, there were for fear. But she did fear and did tremble, did suffer in the watches of the night, and suffered more as the hours and the days passed and brought no news, no word of the safety of the brig. But she held panic at bay for her man's sake, she bore herself bravely before the father's eyes, and smiling wanly, talked hopefully, making nothing of her own trial. She told herself that Charles had played his part and she must play hers. And she had fierce proud hours when she thought of his deed, and her eyes shone and she triumphed in the splendour of it. Hours, when she told herself that at last they knew him as he was, when she saw him on the deck amid the smoke

and crash of guns, directing, over-seeing, cool, stern, smoke-begrimed! Her man! Her man! And again there were sweet moments when she allowed herself to picture his return to the wife and the home that he had ennobled.

But as long days and longer nights passed, and the first flush of the tidings faded, and she saw the old Captain's face grow hourly more careworn, it was all that she could do to bear up; to face the morning light when she awoke, and the grey of evening veiling a sad and misty sea, and still to control herself. Her own time was coming, and while she told herself that she would have no fear were he beside her—he did not come. And the news lingered. She had heard that her father had sent out messengers, and that not a moment would be lost in bearing the news to her; and she had blessed him for the thought. But the messengers did not come. Surely the *Lively Peggy* should be in Portsmouth by now? Or in Falmouth or Plymouth? Or some vessel should have come in with word of her! The wind? Ah, that terrible wind! Morning by morning she crept out, often half-clad, to a place whence she could see the vane on the Church! Hourly she visited the same place, and still the cruel wind blew from the north and kept him from her.

And then on the sixth day a thing happened that, if it did not relieve her anxiety, diverted her thoughts. They were early risers at the Cottage, it still wanted an hour of nine, and she was languidly clearing the table after their morning meal, when she heard the latch of the gate rattle, and turning swiftly, caught sight of someone passing from gate to door. She caught her breath. It seemed an ill-omen that dark form, seen between her and the bright sun! And the rap that followed drove the blood from her cheeks. She clung to the table unable to move. Then—the old man was upstairs and she was alone—she collected herself and, trembling, she opened the door.

The visitor was Wignall. He held a newspaper in his hand. 'The Rector sent it, Ma'am,' he said, his manner a tactful mean between deference and sympathy. 'I was to say before I gave it to you, as it's good news, Ma'am.'

The colour rushed to Peggy's face. 'They've come in?' she cried. 'Oh, Wignall, say so! Say they've come in!'

'No, Ma'am, no!' he answered in haste. 'It's not that. But it's—it's all in the paper! Splendid! Grand!' he exclaimed, enthusiasm getting the better of training. 'We're proud—we're proud, miss!'

'Oh!' she said, her voice dropping to a lower key. Her lip quivered. 'Will you—will you thank my father, Wignall? It was kind, very kind of him to send it. And thank you.'

She looked at him so pitifully, that a lump rose in the butler's throat. 'They will be sure to be in—in a day or two, Ma'am,' he said. 'Certain sure! They would be in now, but for the wind. There's no doubt about it, it's the wind, Ma'am, no doubt at all!'

'Yes, Wignall, I—I think so,' Peggy said. But her face was troubled.

He was glad to escape, leaving the journal in her hand. It was the *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette* of the day before, and it had been folded by a careful hand in such a way as to show a marked passage. Yet Peggy held the paper long and did not look at it. She was afraid to look, afraid to know what it contained. The man had told her that the news was good, but good or bad, she shrank from knowing it. That which she held in her hand, that piece of print meant so much to her, so very much! At length, after listening to assure herself that the old man was not coming down—for she could suffer no eye to share her first reading—she closed the staircase door. She seated herself at the table, she spread the paper before her. Her heart thumped tumultuously, and for a few seconds she could not see. Then, clasping her head with both hands, she read, the words dancing before her eyes.

Above the stairs the Captain had done his simple tasks. He had made his bed, but he was still pottering about, making neatness more neat, when it struck him that the place was very quiet. He heard no movement of feet below, no clatter of plates. Ever anxious on his companion's account—if he could he would have nailed her to a chair—he took fright. Was she ill? Had she fainted? Or could it be that she had gone out? He went to the head of the narrow staircase, he listened, he heard nothing. Wondering and alarmed, he hobbled softly down the stairs and opened the door.

It was as he had feared. Peggy was seated at the table, her arms cast forward upon it, her face hidden in them. And she was weeping, weeping silently, as if her heart would break.

'Oh, my dear!' he cried, in terror for her, and going to her he touched her tenderly on the shoulder. 'You mustn't! You know that you mustn't. You will do yourself harm!'

'I know—I know I mustn't!' Peggy sobbed. Raising her head she looked at him, her eyes shining through her tears. 'But

I am so proud! So proud! Oh, he will be happy! Read it! Read it! See what he has done—my man!’

‘But—but for God’s sake,’ he pleaded anxiously, ‘calm yourself. You know it is important, my dear. You will harm yourself!’

‘I will,’ she sobbed. ‘But—but he kept the deck! He kept the deck! Read it!’ She turned to him, her tear-stained face radiant, and with trembling hands she pressed the paper upon him.

‘Steady, my dear, steady! I will read—see, I am reading,’ he conjured her. ‘But do, my dear, calm yourself.’

‘I will! There—I am quiet now.’ She smiled through her tears. ‘But read, please read!’

Slowly he adjusted his glasses, and with her glowing eyes upon him he read:

‘We are proud to record for the information of our readers that news of an engagement of an uncommon kind and one adding lustre to the annals of our gallant seamen has been received at Portsmouth. *The Betsy Gunn*, out of Alexandria, homeward bound, in ballast from the Straits, arrived off the Pool on Tuesday, having on board six wounded men, part of the crew of the brig *The Lively Peggy*, privateer of Beremouth, commander, Charles Bligh, which has been in action south of Ushant with the *Intriguante*, a French sloop of war stationed at Brest—and stated to carry 18 guns with a complement of 100 men and boys. A letter forwarded by the Commander of the Privateer to the Port Admiral states that *The Lively Peggy*, armed with 8 six-pounders and carrying a crew of 55, was surprised by the *Intriguante* at break of day on the 15th instant, the French ship being sighted off the starboard quarter and not more than two miles to windward. Summoned to surrender the brig held on her course but being pressed backed her foresail and bore up passing under the Frenchman’s stern, and raking her, and after a running fight of one hour and fifteen minutes, early in which she had the good fortune to bring down the Corvette’s main-mast and do much damage to her rigging, she forced her to haul down her flag. The wounded state the loss of the privateer at five killed and nine wounded, the latter including the Commander who was struck on the head by a splinter, but kept the deck. The loss of the *Intriguante* is believed to be fifteen killed and upwards of twenty wounded. Immediately upon the receipt of the letter the Port Admiral visited the men in hospital and having heard their story forwarded the Commander’s letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, and at the same time ordered a sloop of war to leave Spithead and cruise in search of the brig and her prize, which it is

feared are detained by head-winds. We are informed that the Commander of the Privateer, which has so signally distinguished herself, was formerly a Lieutenant in the King's Service, and until lately employed on dockyard service at Plymouth. The Corvette which is well known in Brest waters and has done much damage will, if not hulled beyond repair, be purchased by the Admiralty and added to the Service.

'At the last moment before going to Press we are enabled to add the Port Admiral's covering Letter which appeared in last night's *London Gazette*.

“ ADMIRALTY OFFICE.

“ Copy of a letter from the Port Admiral at Portsmouth to Evan Nepean, Esqre, dated the 14th instant.

“ Sir,

“ I have the honour to transmit for their lordships' information a letter sent in this day by Mr. Charles Bligh, Commander of the brig *The Lively Peggy*, private ship of war armed with eight six-pounders and a swivel, reporting that at 3.45 A.M. on the 15th instant, Ushant bearing north east nine leagues, he was discovered and chased by the *Intriguante*, Republican sloop of war, mounting 18 six-pounder guns, and after a running fight of one hour and fifteen minutes during which his loss was five killed and nine wounded he compelled the enemy to haul down her colours, and took possession of her.

“ Immediately upon receipt and having confirmed the contents I ordered the *Gazelle* sloop to put to sea and cruise in search of the brig and prize, the wind continuing northerly and both vessels being I am informed in a crippled condition.

“ The facts appear to deserve their lordships' particular attention, and I have the honour to be, sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ JOSHUA FULLALOVE, Rear Admiral.

“ GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
“ PORTSMOUTH.”

'Their particular attention!' Peggy cried, smiling through her happy tears; and taking the paper from the old man she hugged it to her breast. 'Oh, thank God! He will be reinstated now, I am sure he will be reinstated now!'

'God grant it!' the Captain said. He was hardly less moved, hardly more master of himself. 'But you must be calm! You must control yourself! For his sake, my dear.'

'I will, I will,' she said. And they mingled their tears.

CHAPTER XXX.

FACTS exist only as they are shaped by the mind that apprehends them. With a conscience clear as an Egyptian sky, Dr. Portnal would have viewed his son-in-law's achievement from a height. He might have belittled it, he might have patronisingly approved of it. If he had gone so far as to accept it as a sign of grace, he would have done so grudgingly, allowing that anything that lessened the unfortunate *mésalliance* was welcome, and that as his daughter had chosen to marry a scapegrace it was well that he should prove himself a daring scapegrace. The deed that, if done by a post-captain, he would have praised without stint, might have won but a stately word of commendation, when credited to a person without rank and of no importance.

But the Rector's conscience was not at rest, and his feelings having suffered a change, he welcomed with eagerness the opportunity of making amends. He viewed the Lieutenant's achievement from a new and different standpoint. He read with admiration and a full heart the tribute that the paper paid to it, he sent on the paper without a moment's delay to his daughter—and what better peace-offering could he send?—and to all whom he met he spoke openly of the matter with a warmth that implied a certain forgiveness of the past.

Unfortunately this did not exorcise the spectre that haunted him, nor allay the apprehensions that he felt; apprehensions that grew with every hour that saw no return of his messengers, every day that passed and brought no news of the brig's safety. That Bligh would after all be lost at sea, and that the shock of his death would be fatal to Peggy was a presage that he could not shake off. It weighed upon his mind, it shadowed his thoughts, it was with him in his study and at his table.

Nemesis! The word and the thought, once admitted, clung to him like the shirt of Nessus.

Those who met him and had no key to the secret, wondered, finding the man altered, feeling him to be more human, more open, less reticent. 'That poor girl!' he said to Wyke, whom he encountered one morning pacing the churchyard walk, whither the same motive had brought both; a forlorn hope that the *Peggy* would beat up to the home port and that her topsails might in some happy hour break the empty horizon. 'That poor girl!' he repeated with emotion. And Wyke saw with surprise that there

were tears in his eyes. 'If bad news comes it will kill her, Wyke.'

'It must not reach her,' Wyke replied with decision. 'You must see to that, Rector. It must be kept from her until—until after. Then when she is out of danger——'

'But can we keep it from her?' The Rector spoke despondently. 'Is it possible?'

'Why not? You will be the first to hear it. You must take your precautions.'

'Precautions! I may take them! But will they avail?'

'You must see to it that they do avail,' Wyke replied firmly. 'For the matter of that I don't think that there is a man or woman in the place who would tell her—who would break in upon her with the news if they heard it.'

The father sighed. 'I hope it is so,' he said.

Sir Albery parted from him, puzzled by his gloomy view, and wondering more than ever at the change in him. Later Wyke met Charlotte Bicester and told her what the Rector had said and the effect it had had on his mind.

'The truth is,' Charlotte decided, 'he's right. As long as there is no one with her, there is a risk. But some one should be with her. Some one who would keep watch and see that the news did not reach her—if it came.'

'I agree. But who is there to do it? Her sister?'

Charlotte's face was eloquent. 'Augusta!' she exclaimed. 'Pretty cold comfort she'd be! As good as a lump of ice! But there!' She shot a conscious look at him. 'There's my tongue running away again! I suppose I should not have said that.'

'I don't know why you shouldn't.'

'Oh, well, if you don't, I don't. But I don't think she would do at all. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll see if Peggy will let me go to her.'

'To the Cottage? To stay, do you mean?' He stared.

'Why not? Isn't that what you want? The Captain can get a bed out. No difficulty about that. And I could have his room. Her ladyship'—Charlotte made a grimace, perhaps to hide her embarrassment, for Sir Albery was looking at her in a very odd way—'will make a fuss of course. But I can manage her. I could guard the door if I could do nothing else, and I'll answer for it the news would not get past me. I can lie like a trooper when I like,' Charlotte added hurriedly. For Sir Albery was still looking at her in that odd way.

'It's—it's extraordinarily good of you,' he said. 'But I am afraid you will be very uncomfortable there.'

'Why? Because the rooms are not twenty feet square, and the hall is all one with the parlour? What nonsense! I am not made of barley-sugar, and of course Peggy should have a woman with her, and better a friend than a stranger. What should we think of ourselves if anything went wrong with her and—and——'

'To be sure,' Sir Albery said gravely. 'There is that. And it is but a small thing you are doing after all. Anyone would do it, Miss Bicester, of course.'

'Of course,' Charlotte said, relieved. 'Any friend. I'll see about it to-day.'

'If she'll let you?'

'I shall not give her the choice. I'll bundle out the Captain and bring in my bandbox, and say the thing's done, and can't be undone. She'll be thankful in her heart. It's lonely for her, and of course she's fretting.'

Wyke had a happy thought. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said. 'I'll take the old chap in at the Manor. And that will suit all parties.'

Charlotte's eyes sparkled so that for a moment she looked almost handsome. 'Will you?' she cried. 'Well, you are a good soul! That will make it all right.'

'You may call it done,' he said. 'But I wish to goodness the news had come and the *Peggy* was in!'

'And the other *Peggy* safe too! You don't think well of the delay, then?'

'I don't know what to think,' Wyke confessed. 'But I could see that the Rector was very anxious.'

Charlotte sniffed. 'Aware that he has a daughter at last, is he?' she said. 'Well, I am not sorry that he should be punished a bit! I suppose you know that he went to see her yesterday? Heart-to-heart talk, full forgiveness, a father's blessing and the rest! A bit late! But all the same,' Charlotte added, rubbing her nose thoughtfully, 'I am surprised. I did not think that the man had a heart. It seems that he has!'

'It must have been a great relief to her.'

'Umph! It may have been. But I am afraid that she is taking fright again. You may be sure that she does not like the delay any more than we do, and I don't suppose the Captain is the brightest of company. However, we will get him away, and then——'

'With an angel in the house?'

Charlotte winced almost as if his words hurt her. 'I look like an angel, don't I?' she retorted, 'A plain angel I should make!' And with a nod and rather abruptly she broke away and went up the street. But as she passed the barber's shop and paused for a word with Dunch—Charlotte had a word for everyone, gentle and simple—Dunch was struck by the brightness of her face. 'It is good for sore eyes to see you, Miss,' he flung after her as she went on. 'If you'd let me curl your hair to rights, for you've plenty of it—you would not be at all——' Charlotte lost the rest.

However, the arrangement at the Cottage was not to be made as easily as the pair anticipated. Charlotte broke the plan to Peggy as a settled thing—a thought that had just occurred to her. She had brought her traps with her, she said, and there they were. But Peggy took fright, and for once betraying the alarm that, slowly accumulating, she had as sedulously hidden, she seized Charlotte by the shoulders, turned her to the light, and with fear in her eyes strove to read her face. 'You've bad news!' she exclaimed. 'I know you have! Don't—don't keep it from me! Tell me!'

Charlotte was alarmed by an agitation that she had not expected, but she was equal to the occasion. 'I'll tell you the truth, and that is that you are a little ninny!' she replied. 'I've no news. I know no more than you do, Peggy. What I do know is that you ought to have a woman with you, and I'm the woman; and I'm coming in spite of your teeth, and whether you like it or not. When the man returns he can turn me out if he pleases.'

Peggy drew a long breath and let her hands fall. But she was not wholly reassured. 'You are sure?' she pleaded, her eyes still on the other's face. 'You are telling the truth, Charlotte?'

'My dear, I am not a liar,' Charlotte rejoined—she was a most unscrupulous person when it suited her. 'I've no news, and as far as I know there is none. But you ought not to be alone, and you are not going to be alone. I am coming here, and that's my news and all my news.'

Such colour as Peggy had—and it was not much at this stage—returned to her cheeks. 'But there's no room,' she said.

'There's the Captain's room.'

Peggy smiled. 'But you can't share it with him!' she said.

Neither the smile, however, nor her words deceived the other. She saw what a raw edge suspense had put on Peggy's nerves and what fears underlay her self-control. 'Then I'll share yours, my

dear,' Charlotte retorted. 'Or—we'll do better. We'll put the Captain out, and I'll have his room. I thought of that, and I've made all the arrangements.'

Peggy opened her eyes. 'But where is he to go?'

'To go? Why, to the Manor. Sir Albery has arranged it all, and will be delighted to have him. It's all settled, my dear.'

'You good people!' Peggy cried, and she coloured up to her hair. 'You good, good people! But it's absurd, it's dreadfully absurd, Charlotte. Why should Sir Albery be put out?'

'Put out?' Charlotte replied hardily. 'I see no reason why he should be put out at all. When a man has a big house as empty and as useless as that, I don't see what he can do better than entertain the father of the hero. It's human nature, my dear. I never offered to come, and he never felt the want of company until—you see, don't you? We are all worshippers of the rising sun. Pigs!'

'But, oh, such dear pigs!' Peggy cried, smiling despite herself. 'How I wish——' she broke off. She studied Charlotte's face, her own a little sly.

'What?'

'No, I don't think I'll tell you,' Peggy said. 'I might do mischief. But you two will always be my dearest friends. And if he had the sense——'

'I don't think he is wanting in sense at all!' Charlotte said. But for some reason she blushed.

So the thing was settled. But not in the end quite as the conspirators had proposed. The Captain showed so much terror at the thought of being quartered on the Manor, and his company thrust on the Squire, that a room was taken for him in a neighbouring cottage. The alteration seemed to be trifling; in their main object, that Charlotte should take possession as soon as possible, the conspirators had succeeded. All the precautions that they could take had been taken, or so it seemed. But there is nothing so uncertain as human life; from the clearest sky thunderbolts fall, nor can any man say when he lays down his pen or his cigar-holder that his whole existence may not be changed before he takes it up again. The alteration, a mere nothing in itself, was to have its consequences.

For the news when it came at last to the little port lying in a mood of chastened suspense between pride and apprehension, and swept now by one and now by the other—even as by the sunshine or the sleety showers that prevailed at that season—the

news stole in after all unperceived. It was there and no man noted it. The common belief was that the Rector's messengers would bring it, and by day eager eyes watched the landward road, by night at the sound of a hoof rattling down the stony street waking ears were lifted from pillows, lights stirred, windows were opened, questions flung forth. Nor was the side of the sea neglected; the advent of a trawler from the westward, much more the appearance of a chance quay-punt from Falmouth, drew a crowd to the quay. Yet with all this the news was in the town for some hours before it was known by anyone.

The only journal taken in the place was the Rector's, and it is certain that on this day as on others he lost not a minute in opening it, in casting his eyes over it, and in assuring himself that it had nothing to tell. It was Wignall who, taking it up in an idle moment, saw the little paragraph that, thrust into a corner at the last moment, meant so much and carried so fatal a significance. Headed Paris, and quoting from the *Moniteur*, it stated baldly and in four lines that the *La Bayonnaise*, twenty-gun corvette, St. Domingo to L'Orient, had encountered at sea, forty leagues due west of the Lizard the corvette *Intrigante* in company with a privateer, both flying English colours, and had brought in the former, and three survivors from the privateer sunk in action.

The paper rustled in the butler's hands. 'My God!' he cried, 'he can't have seen it!'

An hour later, so late in the afternoon that Sir Albergy had sat down to his solitary dinner, a messenger arrived at the Manor. He brought not the news but an urgent request that Wyke would go to the Rectory. At once Wyke feared the worst. He left his meal half-swallowed, mounted a horse and galloped into Beremouth, only slackening his speed when he reached the first houses, and riding down the street at his usual pace. At the Rectory he was admitted at once.

'Yes, sir, bad!' the butler murmured in reply to his unspoken question—'Bad, sir, I fear as bad as can be! He's in here, sir!'

The Rector was seated at his table. The lamp had been lighted, and as he raised his head he showed a countenance so pale and so disordered that Wyke was shocked. He gave his visitor no greeting, but thrust the paper which had been lying before him into his hands. He pointed to the paragraph. 'You'll see it there,' he muttered.

Wyke read, and mechanically he repeated the butler's cry. 'My

God!' he exclaimed. 'That's very bad! But—but we had ground to fear it, Rector. It—it was on the cards, you know. And after all he may have survived.'

The Rector shook his head. 'There's small chance of that,' he said. 'He'd be the last to leave.' He added something that Wyke did not quite catch—about a judgment.

'But still there's a hope!' Wyke protested.

'We must keep it from her,' was all that the Rector found to say.

'Certainly. Certainly we must. Is it known?'

'Not yet. But it must be—very soon.'

'Have you told anyone?'

'The old man. No one else. He was passing, and Wignall called him in and told him before I knew myself. Wignall feared that he might hear it unprepared. He said he would go to his lodging and—not see her. He would have broken down, for certain.' On that the Rector himself broke down. 'Oh, Lord, why hast Thou——' he cried, and then he stopped, trembling violently. With more composure, 'We must keep it from her,' he said. 'That is all that can be done now. We must keep it from her.'

'Most certainly.'

'I've thought—what is best. If I go I must see her, and—and I cannot command myself, God forgive me! But Miss Bicester must be warned. She must not leave her for a moment now!' he continued with a gesture of despair. 'Will you see her? You go there and—and Peggy will not suspect you.'

Wyke hesitated. 'I see great difficulties,' he said. 'There is but the one room, and——'

The Rector moved impatiently. 'You must call her out,' he said. 'You must get her alone for a minute. She must be warned. She must be warned.'

'But that will of itself alarm Mrs. Bligh.'

'You must make some excuse—any excuse! You can—you can think of something.' The Rector was plainly at the end of his strength. 'Only we must lose no time. We must lose no time.'

Wyke nodded. 'Very well,' he said reluctantly, 'I will go.' But he said it with a heavy heart. It was a terrible responsibility that he was taking, and he did not see his way.

(To be continued.)

BEYOND SOUNDINGS.

BY R. LLOYD PRAEGER, D.Sc.

It is strange to think how limited is one's knowledge of the sea, which covers the greater part of this world of ours, and forms, for us islanders, a so familiar and significant portion of our environment. What does the landsman know of it? To him it is an extensive more or less muddy liquid, useful for summer ablutions, but capable of causing astonishing perturbation when he is so rash as to venture on its surface. As to its floor, his acquaintance, so far as actual contact is concerned, ceases at a fathom's depth; though on a calm day he may peer from a boat into somewhat deeper water, and note sand and stones, and fishes swimming among the branching seaweeds. And does the sailor know much more of the sea than this? To him, indeed, the surface is familiar in all its aspects of storm and calm, from the Arctic ice, it may be, to the silver-flashing surges of San Salvador. The joyous blue water which replaces, when one gets clear of the land, the dull green sea that surrounds our islands beyond their fringe of muddy river spume, is to him an old story, and the glorious freedom of a thousand miles of ocean surface moving to the music of the trade-winds. But what of the middle waters, and of the distant ocean floor? They are as strange to him as to the landsman. Once 'beyond soundings' he does not know—nor does he care—whether the sea be one or a hundred miles deep, nor whether its bed be paved with gold or with primeval mud. These things are entirely beyond his ken. And while the life of the surface lies before the eye—seal and nautilus, flying-fish and whale—what terrors may not be hidden in the mysterious miles of depth over which his keel glides so readily? Monk-fish and mermaid, sea-serpent and giant devil-fish: are they all merely the offspring of imagination and fear and sea-sickness? Is it not possible that in the depths there may still persist creatures of types of long ago, which we know only from fossils in the rocks—great armoured fishes perhaps, or the descendants of the terrible ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs, or the more homely trilobites of an earlier period, so familiar in our older rocks; or may the 'green hells of the sea' harbour strange monsters unknown to man—perhaps never to be known? Though we may even now say with Empedocles that much may still exist which is

not yet believed—especially in so vast and unapproachable a region as the deeper ocean waters—yet a hundred years of steady and laborious research in which every sea-faring nation in the world has taken part, has resulted in a profound insight into the mysteries of life in the ocean. Some long-cherished legends are gone. Mermaid and monk-fish have departed—though indeed plausible specimens of the former, ingeniously compounded of a monkey's head and fish's body, may still be obtained in China by the credulous. There is a tale that Linnæus had once hurriedly to leave some Dutch town for having dared to doubt the genuineness of a specimen of the kind, a treasured household god of some highly placed seeker after truth. Even the sea-serpent, octogenarian of mythical ocean-dwellers, has fallen from his high estate. 'Most of the stories of this creature,' writes David Starr Jordan in his recent book on fishes, 'are seaman's yarns, sometimes based on a fragment of wreck, a long strip of kelp, the power of suggestion or the incitement of alcohol.' But he hastens to add that certain sea-serpent stories relate to real creatures, such as the oarfish, twenty-five feet long, snake-like, with fins projecting above the head like a mane; this creature seen among the waves might readily become a horse-headed monster. But if modern science has robbed us of many picturesque marvels of the deep, it has supplied others still more wonderful, as will be seen later.

Again, what of the Sargasso Sea, out in the western Atlantic, with its dense meadows of floating seaweed stretching over leagues of ocean, in which even great ships become snared, and lie through long months motionless and helpless, while their starving crews watch with horror the grotesque creatures, peculiar to this place of living death, which crawl or swim among the brown branching tangle? Alas, for romance! If one wishes a vivid description of the Sargasso Sea as it really is, one may turn to William Beebe's chapter on it in that fascinating recent book of his, 'The Arcturus Adventure.' Beebe's ship steamed backwards and forwards across this area from end to end. What of the miles of undulating seaweed meadow? 'We saw numberless patches of weed, but seldom any which were larger than a man's head. For many days, in storm and calm, these averaged one to every square hundred yards.' What of the weed-clogged vessels? 'The only wrecks were dissolute Welsh colliers wallowing past on their unpainted way.' What of the crowd of unique creatures inhabiting this unique floating forest? We are told that the animals which

at certain seasons abound there are not truly oceanic at all, but come, like the drifting weed itself, from the coasts of Central America. 'It is a terrible thing to me,' adds our author, 'to destroy beliefs and legends.' This is all very depressing; but if we go deeper into the subject of the sea and the creatures that dwell in it, a romance unfolds that leaves the mermaids and sea-serpents and rotting hulks forgotten and unwept.

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The first and most important problem for all of us from man down to his cousin the mosquito, is where to obtain our breakfast. Not only armies, but all created things, march on their stomachs. And all animals require organic substance for food—that is, those materials which form the bodies of animals or plants. The animal world cannot *make* organic food. Neither can all creatures live by eating each other, any more than we can get rich by taking in each others' washing. But plants can do what no animal can. Give them water from the soil or the sea (containing a trace of dissolved salts) and carbon dioxide from the air, and they will build up from these materials their own organic bodies, whether these be microscopically small or three hundred feet in height, the energy required for this synthesis being derived from sunlight, through the instrumentality of chlorophyll, which forms the familiar green colouring matter of plants. On the existence and continuance of this activity in the vegetable world the life of the whole animal kingdom depends absolutely. On land the incidence of this law is familiar in a hundred forms. Save where it is too cold or too dry, the continents are covered with vegetation. One half the animal kingdom, from green-flies to elephants, obtain their nourishment directly from this plant-mantle; the other half, from tomtits to tigers, prey on the vegetable feeders directly or indirectly. With plant-food so abundant, the prosperity of the animal world on land appears assured. But what about the sea? The sea contains a vast population, beside which that of the land sinks into insignificance; but where is the food supply for these countless hordes? Seaweeds in abundance there are, clothing the rocks between tides, and extending downwards to a certain depth: but this depth is negligible. Seaweeds like land plants must have light; and light becomes very dim under a few fathoms of water; in consequence the seaweeds that we know form the merest narrow fringe round the edge of the land, whereas the ocean is populous

with creatures from shore to shore, and from the surface down to miles of depth. The microscope reveals the clue to this mystery. Every drop of sea water taken at or near the surface is found to be crowded with very minute plants, known as diatoms. In countless millions they swarm and propagate, from the pole to the equator, absorbing solar energy and using it to build up the complicated chemical substances which form their bodies. Countless millions of minute animals find in these microscopic plants their food supply, breaking down in the course of digestion the materials of the plant-body, and utilising the energy thus set free for the purposes of their own lives. On these microscopic animal forms, in turn, larger sea-beasts prey, and so on, it may be through a chain of many links, till we reach the giants of the ocean. On land the similar chain of food-supply is interwoven across the surface only, or very close to it. In the sea it originates on the surface, but is by no means confined thereto; its links spread downward into the profoundest depths, sometimes in the form of living animals, often as dead matter, sinking slowly to provide nourishment for the hungry creatures of the middle waters and of the distant ocean floor. So it comes about that the life of the depths owes its existence and continuance wholly to that sun which, to the creatures living under that black pall of water, might be deemed as ineffective as the furthest star.

The abundance of this minute life in the ocean, not only in the surface waters but far down into the depths, staggers the imagination. A single cupful of water may contain, according to place and season, tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of minute plants and animals. No less astonishing is their power of propagation, against which one may set their wholesale destruction at the hands of the creatures that prey upon them. An ordinary marine bacterium will, in the course of a week or two under normal circumstances, multiply to the extent of several millions. On the other side we find that the stomach of a single sardine has been estimated to contain twenty millions of *Ceratium*, one of the commoner infusoria, to whose presence phosphorescence in the sea is frequently due. The author of the 'Water Babies,' in writing of the old whale's mouthful of '943 sea-moths, 13,846 jelly-fish no bigger than pins' heads, a string of salpa nine yards long, and forty-three little ice-crabs,' far from exaggerating, mentioned only a tithe of the creatures that would be enveloped in one gulp in 'that terrible whalebone net of his.' But large figures convey

a poor idea of actual numbers ; when they pass beyond thousands, it matters little whether they be millions or billions ; the mind cannot envisage them. Suffice it to say that life in the sea, especially, but not only, among the smaller organisms, its profusion, its fecundity, and the destruction to which it is subject, is on a scale which beggars imagination, and puts in the shade completely those terrestrial irruptions or holocausts—of voles, lemmings, locusts, or what not—of which one occasionally reads with wonderment. The scale on which both production and destruction proceed in the drama of ocean life is well symbolised in Kipling's fable (in 'The Butterfly that Stamped'), when the Animal which ate in three mouthfuls the food which Solomon had prepared for all the beasts in all the world says : 'I am the smallest of thirty thousand brothers, and our home is at the bottom of the sea. We heard that you were going to feed all the animals in all the world, and my brothers sent me to ask when dinner would be ready.' Solomon : 'O Animal, you have eaten all the dinner that I made ready for all the animals in the world.' The Animal : 'O King, live for ever, but do you really call *that* a dinner ? Where I come from we eat twice as much as that between meals.'

But there are other conditions besides that of food supply controlling life in the depths—conditions which it is hard for us dwellers of the wind and sunshine to realise. All round the coasts the sea-bottom slopes fairly rapidly till a depth of two to four miles is reached, when vast slightly undulating plains spread for thousands of miles. Below a depth of a hundred fathoms or two not only has all wave action ceased, but perceptible currents are absent ; absolute stillness prevails, allowing the accumulation of fine mud stretching unbroken across these submarine continents. Light ceases to penetrate beyond a depth insignificant in comparison with that of the ocean, and in the deeper waters utter darkness reigns. With no sun to warm it, and slow icy currents creeping down from the poles, the temperature of the depths remains always near freezing point. And everywhere is the tremendous pressure due to miles of superincumbent water. On the floor of the Atlantic this averages about $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons on every square inch : in the deepest waters known it is as much as 6 tons—nearly 8000 tons to the square yard. Not that this extraordinary weight is necessarily deleterious to life. It is only the *unequal* distribution of

pressure that causes catastrophe, from a headache to a volcanic eruption. The deep-sea creatures, subject from their very birth to this pressure through every organ and every blood-corpuscle, suffer no detriment from it : just as we ourselves support unconsciously a weight of nearly a ton on every square foot of our bodies, due to the atmosphere, and are inconvenienced only when we diminish or increase that pressure by climbing a high mountain or descending into the compressed-air caisson of some deep foundation. These, then, are the conditions under which life in the ocean abysses exists—utter darkness, low temperature, stupendous pressure, absolute stillness. The only movement, apart from that of living creatures, is the imperceptible slow raining down of débris from the surface and superincumbent waters—mainly the limy or flinty skeletons of animals, large or small, and meteoric dust. In the deepest parts of the ocean, the calcareous and even the siliceous matter is dissolved before it ever reaches the floor ; and metallic red clay, largely the wreck of meteors, covers wide areas ; as depth decreases, first siliceous skeletons (especially of *Radiolaria*) and then calcareous skeletons (particularly of *Foraminifera*) are deposited and form in the course of ages deep beds of mud.

And what of the creatures which live under the strange conditions outlined above ? It is a surprise to find that life in the depths is abundant and varied. The middle and lower waters are the home of a great variety of roaming fishes, cuttle-fish, and smaller organisms, while on the ocean floor all kinds of creatures maintain a more sedentary existence—molluscs, crabs, prawns, star-fishes, sea-urchins, worms, sponges, and what not. The fishes of the abyss are of all sizes and shapes, from gigantic sharks to mere sprats ; they are mostly of a dull or black colour, without the spots or stripes which decorate so many of their fellows in the lighted waters above and often act so efficiently as camouflage. But many of the invertebrates of the depths, such as the prawns and star-fishes, are most brilliantly coloured, orange and scarlet and imperial purple. The eyes of the deep-sea creatures are mostly very large, or altogether wanting—as if they were either optimists, still hoping to see in those inky waters, or pessimists, which had long since given up the attempt. But there is a reason for eyes in the abyss, and this introduces one of the most remarkable features of the deep-sea fauna. Deprived of the light of the sun, most of the animals have developed illuminating systems of

their own. Creatures of many kinds—fishes, crustacea, star-fishes, worms, etc., emit phosphorescent light, which flashes or glows. This may be confined to certain parts or distributed over the whole body. Some fishes have rows of brightly shining spots along their sides which make them look like miniature ocean liners. Others have brilliant searchlights; others again glimmer all over with a ghostly pale glow. Some of the prawns can emit a luminous cloud—a glowing smoke-screen behind which they can retreat before an enemy, just as some of the squids emit a cloud of ink. ‘The squid has its column of smoke by day, the prawn its pillar of fire by night.’ This lighting-up in its various forms may serve to attract or to repel—a signal to friends, or a warning to foes. Sometimes it is used as a lure. Let us consider briefly one of the most remarkable groups of deep-sea fishes, the anglers or sea-devils, which illustrate this last point, as well as the strange forms, the voracity, and the peculiar adaptation to surroundings which are all so remarkably developed among abysmal creatures. One of these anglers is a familiar fish of our own shallow waters—an ugly flattened brute with a huge mouth filled with wicked teeth, and a strange fishing-rod decked with a tassel, projecting beyond the head, and used as a bait to attract unwary creatures. This Fishing Frog is as strange and hideous a creature as one can imagine, and its outrageous appetite is shown by the fact that one was found to have made a dinner of seven wild ducks! But it is surpassed by its deep-water relations. Imagine a fish black all over, almost all head, and the head almost all mouth, so that the mouth occupies three-quarters of the whole creature; of strange angular outline, short and deep; and projecting forwards from behind the head a regular fishing-rod, jointed at the tip and continued as a fine fishing-line with a little shining lamp at the end, which dangles in front of those terrible rows of teeth to lure other fishes to their doom. Rod and line may be four times the length of the fish itself. Conceive this jet-black sea-devil hovering motionless in the jet-black water, its huge jaws open, its waving lantern lure alone visible. Woe to the fish which is attracted by that will-o’-the-wisp: for those huge jaws have stomach to match, stomach extensible beyond belief, so that these creatures cannot only capture and kill, but swallow and ultimately digest fishes which may be four or five times their own length. For hideousness, voracity and ingenuity combined these sea-devils are hard to match. But this does not exhaust the tale of their strangeness.

Several specimens from different parts of the ocean were found to have small similar fishes attached to them—to the head or to the under side of the body—which were at first taken to be their young. But the character of these, combined with the fact that the fishes with which they were associated were found to be invariably females, has led to the discovery that they are the males, degenerate in structure and permanently parasitic upon the females. The life-history of the males appears to be as follows: they begin life as ordinary free-swimming young, but quite early they attach themselves by their jaws to a female—possibly to the first one which they meet. Their lips grow out and fuse with the flesh of the female, so that eventually it becomes impossible to say where one fish ends and the other begins. While the females continue to grow, in some cases to a considerable size, the males remain quite small—only a hundredth or it may be a thousandth of the bulk of the others. They become utterly degenerate. The mouth closes, the alimentary system becomes obsolete and useless. The blood system of the two becomes continuous, and the male practically an appendage of the female, living while she lives, and dying when she dies. It is a story unparalleled among the vertebrate animals, finding a sort of analogy only among a few very lowly creatures; a story which zoologists could not have accepted as possible, were it not that actual specimens, fully studied, have shown its truth.

Plenty of other marvel-tales of the ocean there are also. What of the sperm-whales which attack and eat giant cuttle-fishes, up to 50 feet long, in the middle waters of the deep sea? For long the origin of certain curious indented marks on the heads and bodies of these whales was a mystery; but the finding by the Prince of Monaco and other ocean fishermen of remains of new and strange cuttle-fishes in the whales' stomachs gave a clue. They were the marks of the formidable suckers of the devil-fishes; creatures as terrific as the classic one in the 'Toilers of the Sea.' What titanic battles must those be between the greatest of the mammals and the greatest of the molluscs!

And what of the marvellous tale of the eels, which as tiny transparent ribbons disperse slowly from their great single breeding-ground two-thirds way across the Atlantic, off the Gulf of Mexico? They reach at length, after several years of wandering, the coasts of North America or western Europe or the Mediterranean. They ascend the rivers, and live in them quietly for

years till they attain maturity. Then one autumn the skin becomes more silvery, the eyes larger; a mysterious influence causes them to forsake their river haunts and commence a journey of it may be four thousand miles across the ocean back to their birthplace, from which they are destined never to return. Here, in the abysses of the Atlantic, they assemble—the eels of all the world—from Thames and Tiber, Neva and Nile, St. Lawrence and Mississippi; and here they breed, to give rise to millions of tiny transparent flattened young, which in turn work their way slowly across the surface of the ocean and ascend the rivers to become the familiar slippery creatures which we find in every brook. Stranger still, though all start together to seek their fortunes, the young American eels never come to Europe, nor the European eels to America. How is it done?

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*THOUGHT AND BRAIN: A GUESS BY
SHAKESPEARE.*

BY PROFESSOR D. FRASER-HARRIS, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. (EDIN.).

WHILE in many respects Shakespeare reflected accurately the current physiological and psychological beliefs of his own time, a careful study of his utterances shows us that in some instances he went far beyond them.

Here and there he seems actually prophetic. Doubtless the instances where he is *not* beyond his age are more numerous, for we have only to think of such allusions as to 'that humour that presses him from sleep,' to the distribution of the emotions amongst the internal organs, to the life being in the blood, to 'the nimble spirits in the arteries,' in order to appreciate fully that Shakespeare is not one whit beyond the common notions of his time. And why indeed should he be?

To take one specific instance of this: there is no doubt that he adopted the doctrine of spirits with the rest of the physiology of Galen in regard to the movement of the blood, for we cannot say 'circulation,' since that discovery was not made public until 1628, by which date Shakespeare had been twelve years in his grave. The doctrine of spirits to which we allude had been taught in the medical schools of Europe for 1400 years, and was briefly that there were three orders of spirit—the natural, the vital and the animal.

The natural were supposed to be manufactured in the liver and to reach the heart by the venous blood; the vital were elaborated in the heart itself during a process of purification of the blood in that organ. No such purification really goes on in the heart; it is in the lungs that the venous blood is arterialised; but it was imagined that the venous blood percolated across from the right to the left side of the heart, changing colour and acquiring vital spirits in the transit. These vital spirits, then, went forth in the arterial blood to confer vitality on the various parts of the body.

It is precisely to this belief that Shakespeare alludes when he

makes Biron speak of 'the nimble spirits in the arteries' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3). This is pure Galenism.

The last and most perfect order of spirit was the animal (*spiritus animalis*), supposed to be distilled in the ventricles of the brain out of the pure blood which had ascended thither from the heart. These animal spirits were what to-day we should call nerve-impulses; they flowed down from the brain by the nerves to the muscles and other organs of the body, innervating them, as the modern term goes.

The brain was, therefore, regarded as a still or retort where animal spirits were distilled; and it is evidently in allusion to this that Shakespeare uses the word limbeck (*al ambecq*), the mediæval Arabic word for a chemical retort, in the well-known lines where Lady Macbeth (*Macbeth*, i. 7) declares—

‘his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, that warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only,’

as much as to say, the fumes of the wine will reduce the brain to a mere retort which, for the time being, cannot distil its proper product the animal spirits.

The same idea, that a drug can interfere with the spirits, occurs in a speech of Cornelius, the doctor in *Cymbeline*, who is referring to the poison with which the Queen is working, when he says (*Cymbeline*, i. 6)—

. . . ‘there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits for a time,
To be more fresh, reviving.’

The three orders of spirit were, then, respectively related to the liver, the heart and the brain, which are precisely the three organs mentioned, and in that order, by Cymbeline—‘the liver, heart and brain of Britain’ (*Cymbeline*, v. 5), in other words the essential vitality of the whole country.

This three-fold division of mental states as related to different bodily organs seems to be as old as the time of Democritus, who assigned desire to the liver, anger to the heart, and thought to the brain.

It will be remembered that Pistol says that Falstaff loves Ford's wife 'with liver burning hot' (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 1).

Shakespeare was, however, far too sensible to suppose that love, for instance, had its seat in the liver and was unrelated to the nervous system. He tells us explicitly in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3) that—

'Love . . .
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But, . . .
Courses as swift as thought in every power,'

that is, it affects the whole body.

Closely allied to this trinity of spirits is a tripartite division of the soul. The passage is in a question by Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*, who asks, 'Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?' (ii. 3).

My learned friend Emeritus-Professor Sonnenschein has suggested that this is not a humorous exaggeration, but an allusion to the current Elizabethan psychology regarding the three souls—vegetable, sensible, and rational. The Oxford Dictionary gives a parallel passage in the *Poetaster* of Ben Jonson (v. 3, 60) :

'What ! will I turn sharke upon my friends ?
I scorn it with my three souls.'

This threefold view of the powers of the soul seems to be as old as the time of Plato, who described them thus: (1) The appetitive, having to do with the passions and physical instincts; (2) the irascible, seated in the heart; and (3) the rational, with its seat in the head—which was the only one to survive the death of the body.

Scholars believe that Plato was indebted to Pythagoras for some of his notions about the soul; and Shakespeare was certainly acquainted with the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which is specifically mentioned in *Twelfth Night* (iv. 2), where the clown and Malvolio have their conversation about the possibility of the human soul inhabiting a woodcock.

As far as we can judge of views after such a lapse of time, the rational soul was considered identical with the highest order of spirit, which we have just seen was always credited with an origin in the brain.

By Shakespeare's time an expression, 'the chief soul,' was in

use as a synonym for the highest or rational soul. It must be to this that he alludes in *King John* (v. 7), where Prince Henry says of the king—

‘ the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly ; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul’s frail dwelling-place)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.’

Shakespeare had certainly heard of the cerebral location of the rational soul.

Shakespeare’s acquaintance with some of the technical terms of Anatomy and Medicine is remarkable. He refers to *delirium cordis* and to *hysterica passio* as though everybody understood them.

But the passage which raises our curiosity as to how he got access to technical terms is in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* (iv. 2), where he makes Holofernes, a schoolmaster, say of ideas that—

‘ These are begot in the ventricle of memory,
Nourished in the womb of pia mater, and
Delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.’

In these three lines there are two technical terms—‘ ventricle ’ as applied to the brain, and ‘ pia mater.’

The Arabian doctors taught that there were three ventricles in the brain, the anterior of which had to do with sensation, the middle with imagination, and the posterior with memory. It is to this last, therefore, that the learned man, Holofernes, refers. Vesalius, in his famous ‘ *De corporis humani fabrica* ’ (1543), particularly criticises this mediaeval view of the brain as absurd. According to modern views of localisation, sensations are registered more posteriorly than anteriorly ; and of course it is to the cells and not to the cavities of the brain that its functions are related.

But erudite as this reference is, it is hardly so surprising as the next one, the ‘ pia mater.’ Nor is this the only place in the plays where the pia mater is mentioned. The clown in *Twelfth Night* (i. 5) says, ‘ whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin with a most weak pia mater,’ and once more, in *Troilus and Cressida* (ii. 1), Thersites declares of Ajax, ‘ His pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow.’

It would certainly seem that Shakespeare had not a very clear idea what was the function of the pia mater, for ‘ a weak ’ or a strong pia mater has no meaning.

It is the anatomical term for the delicate, blood-containing, net-like membrane which, closely investing the surface of the brain, carries to that organ its nourishment. Assuming that ideas are begot in a cerebral ventricle (which they are not), it would be permissible to regard them as 'nourished' by the membrane which nourishes the organ of thought. The completion of the analogy between giving birth to a child and bringing forth a thought is thus made possible.

From all we can gather, Shakespeare seems to have appreciated the functional pre-eminence of the brain in a manner far beyond the writers of his time.

For instance, he was quite clear that it is on the brain that alcohol produces its familiar effects. The value of alcohol as a general stimulant is fully recognised by the dying Antony (*Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 13)—

'I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.'

We have a direct reference to the brain in Cassio's refusal of Iago's offer of a 'stoup of wine': 'Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking'; and again: 'O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains'; and once again, when Falstaff tells us 'A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain,' etc.

Not everyone in Shakespeare's day would have referred the sensation of giddiness to the brain. Shakespeare not only does so but he couples it with the failure of sight, both of which are results of the same happening—a reduction of blood-pressure in the brain. 'And now my sight fails and my brain is giddy,' says King Henry (*King Henry IV.*, II. iv. 4). This lowering of the blood-pressure in the brain is often the result of the reception of bad news inducing an enfeeblement of the heart's action, so that King John can say (iv. 2)—

'Thou hast made me giddy with these ill tidings.'

Shakespeare seems to have had the conception of the brain as pre-eminent in the nervous system, if we are to interpret the line in *Antony and Cleopatra* (iv. 8) in anything resembling its modern meaning—

'Yet we have a brain that nourishes our nerves.'

In a sense this is literally true ; in the brain are the nerve-cells which directly or indirectly preside over the nourishment (trophism) of all the nerves. Not until the microscope was used to investigate the details of the structure of the brain could this have been known ; and yet as Shakespeare puts it, it is perfectly true.

It has not only the modern ring ; it seems uncannily prophetic. But more than this, Shakespeare is quite certain that the hallucinatory dagger of *Macbeth*, for instance, is a product of the brain of *Macbeth* :

‘ A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.’

He recognises it at once as mental and yet produced by the abnormal condition of the organ of the mind—an explanation in full accord with the most recent view of psycho-physical interdependence.

In the light of this we should remember the phrase, ‘ the very coinage of your brain,’ that we find in *Hamlet*, where the Queen refers to the departing ghost (*Hamlet*, iii. 4). Quite a similar idea is conveyed in a remark in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Ford says, ‘ He’s not here I seek for,’ to which Page adds, ‘ No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.’

Shakespeare acknowledges, for instance, that mental distress has, as we should phrase it nowadays, a physical basis, for *Macbeth* asks the doctor (*Macbeth*, v. 3)—

‘ Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ? ’

Shakespeare was in no doubt that sleeping and dreaming are primarily states of brain. This is, of course, the modern view. Only the brain, meaning thereby the cerebral surface (cortex), can be said to sleep, for the lower centres continue only slightly less active during the period of repose. Shakespeare was quite clear about this, for in addressing sleep he said (*King Henry IV.*, II. iii. 1) :

‘ Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy’s eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ? ’

The passage in *Julius Cæsar* where the deep sleep of the youth is related to a healthy state of the brain is interesting in this connexion (*Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1) :

'Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.'

and again in *Romeo and Juliet* (ii. 3) :

'But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.'

Shakespeare evidently knew that dreams were, as we put it nowadays, due to the partial activity of certain cerebral areas. Some dreams are appropriate to the kind of external stimulation, as when Queen Mab gallops 'through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love' (*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4).

Later in the same play Mercutio tells us (i. 4)—

. . . 'I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain.'

But all dreams are not appropriate, for, as Shakespeare evidently knew, a dream may sometimes have no sort of relationship to the external stimulus, as when Queen Mab tickles

'a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.'

This study of Shakespeare's intuitive perceptions into the functions of the nervous system might be closed by quoting that striking remark made by Hamlet (iii. 4) :

. . . 'Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion.'

That sensory perceptions must precede motorial efforts, that the training of the senses is the important preliminary to a sound motor education, is now a truism of pedagogy, and Shakespeare might have had that intuition into the general truth of these things ; but it is quite impossible that he could have known that paths going into the nervous system come to functional maturity some time before those which carry impulses out. Once more 'prophetic' is the only appropriate word.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY R. W. MACKENNA, M.D.

PART ONE.

THE lady seated on the dais in Hamish MacQuaker's studio smoothed her gown over her knees. The sitting was almost at an end: the hands of the clock, stark and black against its white face, told her that. But she knew it also from the pose of the artist. Brush in hand, palette on thumb a mess of colours, he was standing back from his easel. With head on one side, and lips curiously pursed, he was looking first at his handiwork on the canvas, and then beyond it to her face. Whenever his eyes met hers she was aware of something uncanny, a mysterious creepiness—a feeling strange and unwonted, but not unpleasant. Others had told her of a like experience. Lady Mary Carmington, fitting a cigarette into her long jade holder, had said only that morning: 'So MacQuaker is painting your portrait. A queer genius—but such a dear. When he painted me he frightened me—such funny thrills when he glowered at me from under his shaggy eyebrows. He doesn't look at you—he looks into you'; and as she struck a match she gave a little shiver, her pretty shoulders quivering gracefully.

The lady on the dais felt the colour flood into her cheeks. The artist was still looking at her fixedly, piercingly; but there was a strange far-away-ness in his eyes. He was looking deeper than her face: in some inexplicable fashion he was peering into her soul. Maybe that was the secret of his success—his uncanny power of capturing personality and making it speak from his portraits. That he was a genius all capable of judging were agreed. She had heard him spoken of as a twentieth-century Raeburn, and she had repeated the phrase as an erudite bit of criticism to David Cannon, the art critic, less than a week ago, at her sister's Sunday afternoon 'At Home.' The critic laughed. In his brusque way he had exploded: 'An insult—and not to Raeburn! I tell you'—and he beat the air with his hand—'there's not been a portrait painter like MacQuaker since Rembrandt.' And then he had launched into a tirade, which in a moment silenced all the little streams of chatter in the drawing-room and drew every eye upon him. In vivid exploding phrases, flung from him like bursting shells, he had

proclaimed the supremacy of Hamish MacQuaker. Half his hearers did not understand him, so recondite was his criticism. But they were ready to agree with every word he said, so dominant was his manner. The rest whispered among themselves, when he had ended his outburst with a contemptuous—'Raeburn! Ye gods!'

'Who is he—and what's the pother about?' they asked.

'Oh! he's David Cannon—the art critic, you know. Immensely clever. What he says carries. A word from him can make or mar an artist.'

But the Dowager Lady Mordent, studying him through her lorgnette from her seat on the sofa near the fire, summed him up in a whisper to those about her:

'Clever, no doubt! I hardly understood a word he said. But manners!—none!' and she dropped her lorgnette into her lap.

The artist moved a little farther from his canvas. The woman on the dais watched him fascinated. There was something in his face that held her. She had been conscious of it more than once during the sittings. It was the face of an ascetic—thin, pale, spiritual—and a fire, that came and went, burned in his deep-set eyes. Just so, she thought, some old-time saint proclaiming his evangel must have swept the multitude with his gaze and driven his message into their hearts.

And he, studying her, saw far more than the ivory skin with its peach-blossom pink, the curving delicate eyebrows, the soft brown eyes like pools, with lights in their depths, the moulded sensitive lips, the proud little dimpled chin. Anyone could see those things: could see that this woman with the brown, waved, lustrous hair was a beauty; but he had discovered something more—something unexpected. It looked at him from the canvas. He was studying her now anxiously, to make certain that what he had painted was really hidden within her—that he had not imagined. He nodded his head: he was satisfied.

The woman moved in her seat. She crossed her ankles and leaned back. She was growing tired.

The painter had not spoken once in the last half-hour. As a rule he had talked as he worked, but to-day he had been almost altogether silent. More than once she had tried to make him talk, for he talked interestingly, and sitting in silence is weary work. But he had answered in a dream, or not at all, so set was he on his task.

'It is the eleventh hour,' he had said cryptically, and left her

to wonder what he meant. And he had worked feverishly, with an ardent, passionate zest, so differently from his fashion at some of the earlier sittings, when she had sat for an hour and he had stood gazing at her with burning eyes, hardly touching his canvas with his brush.

And now, suddenly, his face relaxed in a smile. 'Thank you,' he said very quietly. 'I've got you now,' and he laid his palette aside.

The lady stepped from the dais.

'Do let me see,' she said eagerly, and stepped quickly over the Persian rug outstretched on the oaken floor.

The smile faded from the artist's face. He held up one hand in protest, and with the other quickly drew a curtain across the easel.

'Forgive me, Lady Allerton,' he said firmly. 'I have one rule—as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians—I never allow any sitter to see a portrait at this stage.'

Lady Allerton beamed upon him. Her smile had charmed princes. 'Just one little peep,' she pleaded, and added archly, 'I'll tell nobody.'

But her blandishment fell futile on eyes that had lost their fire and become cold and stern.

'It is my rule: I cannot break it,' and he placed himself with his back to the curtained easel as though ready to resist any attack upon its inviolateness.

The lady made a little *moue*, and laughed a little tinkling laugh that some long-haired poet had likened to the music of a distant cow-bell, pleasing her mightily.

'You artists,' she said, 'you geniuses have such funny ways. I've been as good as gold through eleven dreary hours. I've sat as mim as a mouse, and you've never so much as rewarded me by one little peep at myself.'

'I cannot break my rule,' he answered firmly, and then he smiled. 'Next week, perhaps, but not to-day'; and as though speaking to himself, he added: 'The eleventh hour.'

With a little frown the lady went over to the mirror in the curtained recess. When she came out her hat was on, and she was drawing on her gloves. The artist helped her into her grey fur coat, and picked up his appointment book.

'Will Monday at two be convenient for you?' he asked, and stood with pencil poised.

'Yes—that will do,' she answered, and held out her hand.

The artist walked with her through the studio to the door of the ante-room. There was something defensive in his attitude. As they walked across the room she felt like a stray dog being shepherded away from the flock by a watchful collie. Apparently he wanted to make sure that she did not get behind his guard and dart back to steal a glance at the forbidden picture. At the door of the ante-room he bowed over her hand. 'Monday at two,' he repeated, and then, raising his voice, called for his man.

An elderly but alert man-servant stood before them in a moment. 'You will see Lady Allerton to her car, Barnes.'

He watched them cross the ante-room, waiting in the doorway of the studio till he heard the metal gates of the lift clang. Then he walked slowly into the studio, and drew back the curtain from the portrait. He looked long and steadily at his work, and more than once nodded his head, and spoke in little jerky phrases, as though he were holding a conversation with someone within himself.

'Yes,' he said, and paused. 'That's her—not as her friends see her—not as she knows herself. Uncanny—this gift—akin to "the sight" my Highland grannie had. . . . Pretty little butterfly—who would have thought *that* was in her!' and he waved his hand at the canvas as though demonstrating to some unseen witness the secret he had discovered.

He drew the curtain over the picture again and threw off his long grey paint-smudged coat. As he washed his hands he was still indulging a reflection. 'Queer, queer, queer,' he said. 'They're all quite different deep down. . . . The world sees one face—God sees another.'

As he dried his hands he caught his own reflection in a mirror, and stood looking at himself. He shook his head, and spoke flippantly: 'Hamish, my lad,' he said, 'you'd show up badly at your own eleventh hour.'

Meantime, as she sped along in her smooth-moving Rolls to her home, Lady Allerton was thinking. She was piqued, irritated, filled with disquiet. The memory of the artist's strange pre-occupation, his feverish, almost frenzied activity that afternoon, his piercing, soul-searching scrutiny disturbed her. And there was his rudeness—unexpected, inexplicable. What right had he to refuse to let her see her portrait? It was just one of those eccentric poses of genius. If the fellow were a gentleman—or if he had the instincts of a gentleman—he would not have turned

down a perfectly reasonable request with such a show of sternness. It was all hanky-panky!—a bit of bluff!—charlatanry!—a trick of the trade! And what had he meant by ‘the eleventh hour’? A queer phrase—and he’d used it twice! She wished she’d never yielded to her husband’s desire and consented to sit. She had lots of photographs—stacks of them—greatly admired—true portraits. So her friends told her. But now, just because this queer genius was a fashion, and her husband had wished it, she was sitting for a man who did not know how to treat a lady; that did not matter so much—but who seemed to be able to probe one’s innermost being!

A little shiver stole over her. What was on that canvas? Had he looked into her soul with those deep-sunk, visionary eyes, and, plucking her secrets from her breast, had he painted them one by one in her face? She shivered again—and drew her coat more tightly round her as though to hide some sudden nakedness. It was ghastly—indecent. She would not go back on Monday. She would send him a message telling him to destroy her portrait, and so be done with it. She would send him his fee, just as though he had completed his commission—but she would not go back!

Even as she came to her resolution she pursued a disturbing thought. Of course—that was it!—he had seen all the hidden ugliness in her—had plucked it up from her soul—and fixed it there with brush and colour on his canvas. That was why he wouldn’t let her see the picture. And that—all that—would hang in the Academy for all her friends to see—for all the world to laugh at and to scorn. She could not prevent that: he had claimed the right to exhibit the picture before he had undertaken it.

Almost before she was aware, she was at her own door. As she dressed for dinner she paused more than once to look at herself in the glass. She knew she was beautiful, even at thirty-two: some of her women friends had whispered it, and other women were jealous of her—the acid test. Some men, greatly daring—the dears!—had ventured to hint it; and her own eyes told her. She raised her bare arms and clasped her hands behind her head. The pose suited her, it took years from her: her white rounded arms made an ivory frame for her oval face. She smiled at her reflection, and let the smile die away gradually, and then she studied her features one by one. The scrutiny cheered her. If the artist had found any evil in her face it was in his own imagination. Her eyes could see none. She tried to recapture the memory of what

she had looked like at twenty. No!—she had not changed much. She still looked almost as virginal and fresh. There was no wrinkle on brow, or cheek, or neck; the years had dealt kindly with her, and Marie her maid knew a trick or two. No! she had hardly changed at all. Maybe her eyes were a little harder, and her lips more firmly set; but that was nothing, merely the outward signs of increased strength of character. She had been worrying herself about nothing, letting a silly fear hag-ride her, letting her conscience put her on the rack, because a half-mad artist—all geniuses were half mad—had spoken cryptically of ‘the eleventh hour,’ and refused to let her see an unfinished picture. She would think no more of the matter: she would banish it from her mind; and no doubt when the portrait was completed she would find that all her apprehension was groundless. She had seen beauty and found courage in her looking-glass; she must not forget, and she made a note on her memo. tablet—‘Monday at two.’

Marie put a last dainty finish to her hair: a clever girl that—well worth her salary!

She was down in the drawing-room in good time to greet her guests. She felt confident of herself again, and her confidence was strengthened at the dinner-table.

Sometimes amid the buzz of conversation she caught a glance directed at her: approval from a woman, admiration from a man, and once George—bless him—had looked at her with that happy, possessive smile that she used to see so often on his face when first they were married. No—if there were anything evil in her it did not show in her face. None of her guests recoiled from her, and the Bishop, dear man, sitting at her left, was all attention and courtly deference.

Her mood of depression had passed: she shed her anxiety like an autumn leaf: she became gay and vivacious.

But in the drawing-room, before the men rejoined the ladies, the old fears came back again. It was Polly Amblett who started them into full cry. With her sleek, dark, close-cropped head, Polly looked like a boy of eighteen—nearly fifteen years had fallen from her under the hairdresser’s scissors. Polly crossed her shapely, silk-stockinged legs, and raised her cigarette to the little silver spirit lamp which the maid offered her. She blew a long spiral of smoke lazily, and smiled at her hostess.

‘And how goes the portrait, dear?’ she asked.

Lady Allerton set her coffee-cup down.

'Tolerably well—I think. I have not seen it ; but MacQuaker seems satisfied.'

Polly Amblett smiled. There was no malice in her eyes, nor any evil intention in her mind, but her words awakened all the old apprehensions.

'You haven't seen it !' said Polly. 'I suppose there's no skin and flesh on it yet ! You're a brave woman, Barbara.' She blew a smoke-ring deftly.

Lady Allerton laughed to hide a sudden fear.

'Brave ! Me ! What do you mean ? There is nothing in having one's portrait painted !'

Polly stretched a dainty foot in its golden slipper, and swung her ankle carelessly.

'It depends who paints it,' she said. 'They tell me this MacQuaker man plucks the soul out of your breast, and paints it first, then covers it over with a coating of flesh and blood. I'd be frightened. . . . I shouldn't like my dearest friend to see my soul !'

Gwendolen Raffles joined in. She darted a little stabbing glance at Polly.

'If you have one !' she said, and then turned to her hostess. 'It's perfectly horrid, and so indecent. Worse than sitting for what somebody—was it poor Trilby ?—called "the altogether." I couldn't let MacQuaker paint my portrait. Jorgens is my man—unimaginative, but sound. Smooths out all your wrinkles—recaptures all your looks for you—knocks ten years off you. He's a perfect dear !'

With the sweetest of smiles, and in a soft smooth voice, Polly gave Mrs. Raffles a Roland for her Oliver.

'We all know,' she purred, 'that Jorgens translates the old Latin motto that "Art is to conceal art" in his own way. His version is "Art should hide age !"' She turned to Lady Allerton. 'Of course, MacQuaker is half mad—a sort of religious fanatic who thinks his mission is to reveal its soul to this generation.'

Muriel Bond, a tall, pale girl, with large spectacles and a reputation for writing obscure verse with a mystical flavour, joined in.

'As a portrait painter of people of our class,' she said, 'he has chosen his field badly, if that is his purpose. The soul of this generation is among the workers. We have no ideals. They have . . .

'Fudge !' exclaimed the Duchess, who from a corner of the sofa had been taking in all the conversation. With her masses of

snow-white hair piled high on her head, her strong, arched nose, her beady, bright old eyes, her prim mouth, she looked like a wise old parrot. She was a lady with strong convictions, and never feared to express them. She fired a broadside, raking her hearers fore and aft. 'I don't know what the world is coming to. When I was young we observed some of the sanctities—both physical and spiritual. We paraded neither our souls nor our legs,' and she shot a deprecating glance at Polly's shapely, silken-clad limbs.

'My dear Duchess!' exclaimed Polly, unsubdued, 'your memory betrays you. What about that half-mad painter in Brussels?' She turned and swept her hearers with a glance as though asking them to confirm her. 'Oh, where's my memory? I forget his name. You know it! You remember that perfectly ghastly picture of his of a young woman—beautiful as Eve and as unencumbered—and the picture of her skeleton beside her. . . . There was no reverence for the sanctities there!'

The Duchess frowned. 'Delirium may express itself as wildly with a brush as with noisy words. But even then I prefer a nice, white-boned, shapely skeleton to the distorted image of one's soul. The one is only bad taste: the other is impious—an affront to God.'

She sat forward suddenly, and held her hearers with her eyes: 'What right has any man to grope after other people's souls, and build a reputation by trying to depict them on canvas? It's like violating a shrine. Can't he content himself with features?'

Mrs. Raffles nodded her head. 'That's what my excellent Jorgens does. He gets your features: smooths them down a wee bit, maybe—tightens up the skin on your neck a little, and forgets to notice the crow's feet, and sends you a perfectly lovely picture with a nice colour like a blush rose.'

'But that may not be truth,' said Muriel Bond. 'It is merely portraiture done to please. MacQuaker is the finer artist by far.'

Mrs. Raffles paid no attention to the interruption. She turned to Lady Allerton.

'Why did you go to this crank?' she asked. 'Why did you not take my advice and have your portrait done by Jorgens?'

'My husband wished it,' answered Lady Allerton. 'He thinks MacQuaker is the greatest portrait painter of the age, and he felt he'd like him to do it.'

'The horrid man!' exclaimed Polly Amblett. 'I'm surprised at George; but I hear that it is always the men who recommend their women folk to patronise MacQuaker. I suppose they want to

see what poor creatures their wives are, so they get MacQuaker to turn his searchlight on to their little souls. They're too blind to see without his help.'

'I'm sure Sir George is not like that,' said the Duchess. 'I know what he thinks of Barbara. In these days it's a perfect joy to see a love idyll so long drawn out. Ten years, is it not, Barbara?' she asked.

Lady Allerton nodded her head.

'Well,' said Mrs. Raffles, 'I'm glad I was done by Jorgens. My portrait a hundred years hence will show that I was—well, let me be modest, and say not quite a hag: whereas, if I'd gone to MacQuaker, a century hence folks would be looking at me and saying "What a wicked woman: can't you see the loathsome little soul of her?"'

'Which may be true, or may not,' said the Duchess caustically. 'You know best yourself.'

It was fortunate that at this moment the door opened to admit the men, and soon the conversation flowed into wider channels. But even the kindly approbation of the Bishop: 'It is so splendid of you, Lady Allerton, to take such an interest in our waifs—I hear of your generosity in many of my parishes,' and the scarcely veiled looks of admiration that some of the men bestowed on her, did not serve to destroy the gnawing fear that Polly Amblett's idle chatter had stirred into fresh activity. So that, when her guests were gone, and she had dismissed her maid for the night, it was not strange that she should sit in her flowered kimono before the big glass in her bedroom. She studied her face with care. It was quite comely—a little anxious perhaps—a little hard round the mouth: but nothing really bad in it, nothing to be ashamed of. But yet, she might be blinding herself to the obvious. That uncanny artist might see in it much to which she was blind.

Through the door of the dressing-room she could hear her husband. She opened the door and passed through. In his shirt sleeves he was struggling to unfasten his collar. She reached up and helped him deftly, then standing before him she laid her hands upon his shoulders and looked up, almost timidly, into his face.

'George,' she said quietly, 'we've been married ten years. Have I been a good wife?'

There was a little tremor in her voice that struck fear into George's heart. This was not like Barbara. Was he about to hear some painful, pitiful confession? The thought flashed through his

mind only to be extinguished. It was disloyalty to the sweetest woman on earth to harbour such a thought for an instant. He smiled down at her cheerfully.

'As we used to say in the Army,' he answered, "'No complaints!'" You've been simply topping. I've been a very lucky man.'

She smiled up at him, feeling more confident in the shelter of the strong arm he had slipped round her.

'Look at me carefully,' she said. 'What do you see in my face?' Her voice was very earnest; but her husband misinterpreted her mood.

'Gracious!' he exclaimed. 'It's not measles, is it, or something catching? I don't see anything: not even a pinch of powder on your little nose.'

She shook her head. 'Look deeper,' she said. 'Can you see my soul?'

George laughed aloud. 'Little silly,' he said, and kissed her. 'What's wrong with you? A bit of liver—or the 'flu—or too much of the *foie gras*—little greedy! Of course I can't see your soul. It would be most uncanny if I could.'

Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

Her husband looked at her with a puzzled, uncertain smile. His arm closed more tightly round her.

'Come, old girl,' he said, 'take a pew, and tell me all about it.' He raised his voice and spoke jestingly. 'Is your account overdrawn? or have you been revoking at bridge? or is it a new hat you want, or another string of pearls? Out with it. Confess your wickedness, fair penitent!'

He led her gently to the big easy chair, and, with his toe, switched on the electric radiator. Then he dropped into the chair and took her into his arms. She buried her head on his shoulder, and sobbed quietly. Her husband, in a maze of perplexity, smoothed her hair gently, and whispered little words of endearment.

'What ails you, sweetheart?' he asked at length.

'I'm so disappointed,' she said slowly.

George laughed, a stout manly laugh.

'I'm sorry, old girl,' he said. 'I knew you'd find me a bad bargain.'

She shook her head. 'It's not you: you're a dear. It's me! I'm disappointed with myself.'

'What's the trouble?' said George briskly, his worst fears

taking wing. 'Is Polly Amblett's necklace better than yours, or does the Duchess put up a better dinner than you?—I'm sure not. You've no reason for disappointment.'

'It's none of these things, George,' she said solemnly. 'It's something bigger, something vital. I look back and think of what I was when I married you. I look at myself to-day and I see "what but for myself I might have been." I am changed—I'm hard—selfish—my ambitions are sordid. God gave me wings. Perhaps you never saw them,' and she looked up at her husband shyly, pathetically. 'But I've lost them: I've become a groundling—I used to "follow the Gleam": now I've lost sight of it. I'm proud—jealous—spiteful—full of little meannesses.'

She paused to stifle a broken-hearted sob, then added in a tremulous whisper, 'You remember that picture—Paton's—the "Man with the Muck-Rake"? That's me: crawling after baubles! Oh, George—you don't know me. That's what I am deep down inside.'

'Tut-tut!' said George, a little impatiently. 'I know you through and through! Why, we've been married ten years—and I never guessed I was nursing such a vixen in my bosom! By your own showing, you're as full of beastly vices as an auctioneer's catalogue is full of lots. But take it from me, old girl'—and he spoke vehemently—'I've never seen one of them. It's all Tommy rot—you're a perfect dear,' and he bent and kissed her tenderly where the neck curved out towards her shoulder.

'And yet, I've tried,' she went on. 'Tried so hard. But I was never pure gold—just a cheap alloy. George!'—and her voice sank very low—'I think I should have been so different if there had been a little one—yours and mine.'

'Poor old Barbara,' said George gently, as he stroked her head. 'I know—I know! But don't stir up that old ache. You remember Sir James's verdict.'

She moved gently, and put her arms up round his neck: his arms enfolded her, all soft and dainty in her flowered and silken robe. She nestled up to him more closely in the big cosy chair. George was blind, quite blind. But it was sweet to be loved by such a man. She looked up at his strong face, then closed her eyes. The radiator glowed genially. Her breathing became regular and very quiet. A red mule slipped noiselessly from her foot on to the thick carpet. She was in a deep sleep when her husband rose gently, and carried her to her bed.

PART TWO.

Sleep and the morning sun dispelled all the fears of the night, and as Lady Allerton came downstairs to the breakfast-room she was humming a snatch from a song. Her husband had breakfasted long before her, and gone off in the car for a day's shooting. He would not be back till late. She had the whole day to herself, and, remembering the Bishop's words of commendation, she decided that she would spend part at least of the afternoon among the children in one of the day nurseries in which she was interested. There was little laughing Teddy Pullinger, the blue-eyed rogue with the dimples, in the crèche in Wren Street. Motherless, his father cared for him with unskilful, but well-intentioned efforts; and the crèche took charge of him for his soul and body's good when his father was at work. He was a darling! If only he were her own! He had asked for an 'ephelunt' the last time she saw him: he should have it to-day.

But all her plans came crashing about her, and fears broke over her in a storm before her breakfast was over.

Spencer, the butler, pale, clean-shaven, deferential, stood by the breakfast-room door. He followed his mistress in and, very carefully, when she had taken her seat, pushed her chair a little nearer to the table.

'You saw Sir George off safely?' she asked.

'Yes, m'lady; punctually at eight o'clock. I hope he'll have good sport, m'lady.'

He busied himself at the sideboard, and set food before her. The coffee was bubbling in the container; he slipped the extinguisher over the spirit flame, and set the coffee-maker on the table.

'Thank you, Spencer. You need not wait,' said his mistress. 'I'll ring if I require you.'

The butler bowed and walked towards the door; but half-way across the room he turned, and stood for a moment hesitatingly, his hands clasped in front of him. Lady Allerton was just about to pick up the folded newspaper that lay by her plate.

'Excuse me, m'lady,' said the butler, 'but Sir George bade me warn you before you open the paper that there's some'—he paused and swallowed nervously, as though seeking for an appropriate word—'some—some unfortunate noos in it this morning.'

Lady Allerton looked at him quickly. 'Bad news!' she

exclaimed. 'What is it? It isn't——' and she paused suddenly, with pale lips, her mind in chaos.

'No near relation, m'lady,' answered the butler judiciously. 'Nothing to alarm yourself about, m'lady—in a manner of speakin', m'lady, nothing that really concerns you.'

'What is it?' she asked quickly.

'It concerns that hartist gentleman that was a-painting of your portrait, m'lady. A nasty accident last night, m'lady.'

Her left hand gripped the paper tensely, the blood drained from her cheeks, her lips were dry as sand.

'Is he dead?' she stammered.

Spencer moved his hands over each other as though he were washing them. 'In a manner of speakin'—yes, m'lady,' he answered. 'Most unfortunate, m'lady—and your picture not finished. Dangerous things, them motor-cars, m'lady.'

The butler drew himself up. He felt he had discharged his duty excellently. Sir George himself couldn't have done it more delicately, but, as he looked at his mistress, he began to be doubtful of his success. She was staring at him woodenly, like one stunned—all the colour gone from her face. She did not speak. The silence was heavy, chilling.

The butler swallowed again, and found his tongue. His hands still washed each other.

'I hope, m'lady, in a manner of speaking, I have used discretion in breaking the bad noos. A difficult job, m'lady. Sir George was upset, m'lady. He wanted to tell you himself, m'lady—but you were still asleep; so he bade me tell you.'

His mistress bit her lip. 'Thank you, Spencer,' she said. 'It is a shock—a terrible shock—I saw him only yesterday—full of life. Thank you. You need not wait.'

Spencer bowed his head and made for the door, closing it behind him noiselessly.

Lady Allerton tore the paper open. Like a flame her eyes licked up the staring headline:

'GREAT LOSS TO BRITISH ART. TRAGIC DEATH OF
MR. HAMISH MACQUAKER.'

There were three columns of it: a brief, almost curt account of the fatal accident, and the rest a long biography and a learned appreciation. The latter was signed 'D. C.' That would be David Cannon, the critic.

Eagerly she ran over the details of the artist's life : read of his origin—the son of a Celt, a Highland father and an Italian mother ; read of his early struggles, his sudden and full recognition, his unique place as a portrait painter, his eccentricities, his genius. But it was Cannon's 'Appreciation' which made the blood freeze in her veins. Much of it was beyond her grasp, but some of it fell like merciless frozen rain right on her heart.

'A unique genius . . . the greatest portrait painter of the age . . . the greatest since Rembrandt.' There was much besides, and then those sentences, every word of which froze another drop of her blood :

'The man was a visionary : an enthusiast, almost a fanatic, who in the Middle Ages would have gone cheerfully to the stake. . . . He believed he had a mission, to capture and imprison in his portraits the soul of the age, and to make that his gift to posterity. His methods were peculiar and individual, but unlike most artists, who are, as a class, erratic, unpunctual, unsystematic, MacQuaker worked according to a rigid system and a self-imposed time-table. For each of his portraits the crucial moment was what he called "the eleventh hour." When that hour came he worked in a frenzy, lifted out of himself by a strange, spiritual enthusiasm. Little did his sitters know that it was not their faces he was working upon in that hour. He was revealing their soul. On his canvas there were not the features by which their friends would recognise them, or by which they would know themselves ; but all the traits he had read in their character, the secret vices, the hidden mean-nesses, the sordidness, and sometimes, though rarely, the unexpected beauties. Bit by bit he built it all up on his canvas, trait by trait, with a truthfulness that never erred ; and then, having got the soul, he hid it behind the features which he super-imposed upon it with masterly brush-work, rare technique in line, exquisite perception of colour. For his sitters, MacQuaker's eleventh hour was a foretaste of the Judgment Day—and none of them knew it.'

For an instant Lady Allerton's heart seemed to stand still. The room swam round her : the walls swung inwards as though about to fall upon her. Judgment Day ! and her picture stood unfinished at 'the eleventh hour.' She shivered. She was cold, as though icy water were trickling over her—but mastering herself bravely, she read on.

The critic had dipped his pen in gall and acid. Over the dead body of his friend he proclaimed his own bitterness, his own hatred of Society.

'If,' he had written, 'those admiring ladies who subscribed so generously to send their pet parson to MacQuaker, could have seen the portrait of their idol at the eleventh hour, they would as often as not have discovered that their saint was a whited sepulchre. MacQuaker painted many of our greatest statesmen, and their portraits were hailed with acclamation when hung in the Academy. But if the admiring crowds who thronged around them could have seen these supermen as the artist had them on his canvas at the eleventh hour, before he added the veneer of their smug features, they would have seen instead of mighty pillars of the State, the petty souls of self-seekers and time-servers, ready to barter conscience for a vote, and to stoop to any baseness for their self-advancement.'

'Many a fair lady with ivory skin and rose-petal colouring smiles from MacQuaker's canvases, a fairy vision of delight; but behind the mask of feature and of colour there sometimes lies hidden a miserable, warped and shrivelled little soul. It may be, since he was stricken so suddenly, that the artist has left some picture unfinished at its eleventh hour. If so, it ——'

The words became a blur—a great menacing ebony cloud, and Lady Allerton slipped unconscious to the floor. As she sank down she gripped wildly at the edge of the table, and the crash of china brought the anxious Spencer hot-foot into the room.

When she began to come to herself again, she was lying on the sofa. The housekeeper was holding a glass to her lips, and a trickle from it had stolen down her neck. *Sal volatile!*—beastly! In the grey shadows behind the kneeling housekeeper, the portly figure of Spencer began to take shape. He was still washing his hands. From very far away, among the mists, his voice spoke:

'You'll be all right in a minute, m'lady. Drink it up, m'lady. The doctor will be here in a moment.'

With an effort she found her voice and the strength to use it. 'Who sent for the doctor? . . . I will not see him—I'm all right.'

'Yes, m'lady,' answered Spencer. 'He was not in when I telephoned; but he'll be here shortly.'

'Stop him at once,' said Lady Allerton. 'I will not see him!' Her colour climbed slowly into her cheeks, and her faculties re-awakened one by one as she concentrated her mind on the needs of the moment. She smiled wanly at the housekeeper, who had risen from her knees. 'I'm all right, really, Davies,' she said. 'Just a silly schoolgirl faint. Thank you.'

With the help of Spencer, who had come back from the telephone, the housekeeper wheeled the sofa over against the fire. Spencer fed it with a large dry log. It crackled genially. Davies spread a fur rug over her mistress's limbs. Spencer in the background could be heard breathing heavily as he stooped to pick up the broken china.

'You're quite sure, my lady, that you are all right?' asked the housekeeper anxiously.

'Perfectly all right, thank you,' she answered. 'I'll try to sleep,' and she closed her eyes.

The housekeeper stood at the foot of the sofa. She saw that the colour had come back to lips and cheeks. Her mistress had recovered. She waited a little to make sure—then stole on tiptoe from the room on the heels of the butler.

But Lady Allerton, though she was lying with closed eyes, was not asleep. She was thinking rapidly—with fierce purpose. At all costs she must secure that unfinished portrait, and having secured it, she would destroy it for ever. The world—her friends—must never know, must never see her squalid little soul. And as she pondered ways and means, she was consumed by an irritating curiosity. She would like to see what her soul looked like: what secrets of unloveliness, what repulsive spawn of sin and baseness this mad genius had plucked from her breast and flung on the canvas.

When, an hour later, Spencer tiptoed into the room, her plans were made. She sat up suddenly.

'I shall lunch at the usual time,' she said. 'And will you please tell the under-chauffeur to have the car at the door at 1.40?'

Spencer inclined his head. 'I hope you are taking no risks, m'lady. With Sir George away—we feel responsible.'

She spoke firmly, with just a tinge of hauteur: 'I am perfectly well. The fresh air will do me good.'

The clock in a neighbouring church tower was striking the hour of two as she entered the lift that was to bear her up to the dead artist's studio. As she stood in front of the closed door on the top landing she read mechanically the legend 'Hamish MacQuaker' on the tiny brass slip below the letter-box. She knocked firmly, and knocked again before the door was opened by Barnes.

He stood in the doorway, and did not offer to stand aside to let her pass. His face looked grey and worn.

'Good afternoon, Barnes,' she said. 'This is a terrible tragedy.'

'A terrible tragedy, my lady. And him in the best of health and spirits, my lady. He went singing down the stairs last night, my lady, like a boy—and two hours later he was dead.' He spoke dolefully, as in the presence of a great personal loss.

Lady Allerton nodded. 'A terrible blow to you, Barnes,' she said. 'A shock to all his friends.'

Barnes passed the back of a hand over his eyes.

'He was a great genius, my lady: heccentric, some people called him, but a good master, and a wonderful hartist. It's a pity he wasn't spared to finish your picture. He was proud of that picture. He——'

But Lady Allerton interrupted him. She knew how some people find ease for their sorrow in garrulousness. Barnes might be one of them. She had no time to waste: she must get to that loathsome thing on the easel under the curtain in the studio, and take it away with her—so that no eye but hers might ever see it!

'I have come to claim the unfinished canvas,' she said. 'It is my property.' She spoke with a tone of command, and took a step forward, but Barnes did not move to let her pass.

'Begging your pardon, my lady,' he said, 'I have strict injunctions from the lawyer that nothing is to be taken from the studio and nobody admitted. Them's my orders, my lady.'

He spoke civilly, but firmly, and still filled the doorway.

'But surely,' said her ladyship persuasively, 'there are exceptions. I was his last sitter. . . . My portrait is unfinished. . . . It is my property—I must have it.'

'I'm sorry, my lady,' answered Barnes stolidly; 'but orders is orders, and Mr. Ingraham the lawyer is a bad man to offend. I daren't do it.'

'Then I shall go and see Mr. Ingraham now. I'm sure he'll give me permission at once. Where can I find him?'

With a look of relief, Barnes, who was feeling it difficult to resist the appeal in this beautiful woman's eyes, gave her the address. She repeated it twice to make sure of remembering it, and Barnes, closing the door carefully behind him, crossed the landing and rang for the lift.

Within half an hour Lady Allerton was closeted with Mr. Ingraham; but if she had expected to find him as wax in her hands, she was grievously disappointed. He listened to her request in silence, then, with finger-tips touching and knees crossed, he answered:

'I'm very sorry, Lady Allerton. I cannot give you permission to take your portrait home.'

'But why?' she asked with astonishment. 'It is my portrait: my property. Certainly I have not paid for it yet—but I'm ready to give you a cheque now.' She opened her bag, and found her tiny cheque-book. She looked at the lawyer appealingly. 'Two hundred guineas—was the—was the—'

The lawyer held up a hand. 'I cannot take payment,' he said. 'I am acting for the executors. They will have to go into these matters with care.'

'But what is the trouble?' exclaimed her ladyship petulantly. 'The portrait is mine; it is unfinished. I am ready to take it as it is and pay the full price for it. What possible objections can the executors have?'

'Ah, Lady Allerton,' said the lawyer, 'things are not so easy as that. You do not understand. There are questions of copyright. The law as to works of art, and the relative rights of artists and sitters, in such a work of art as a portrait, are complicated and somewhat chaotic. We shall have to take the opinion of counsel—yes—yes!' and he tapped his fingers together, and smacked his lips irritably. 'We shall have to ask counsel about it—Mr. Kenneth Gray, I would suggest. Very sound man, my lady, ver-r-y sound.'

Lady Allerton stared at him dumbly.

'You see,' he went on, 'as your portrait has neither been finished, delivered, nor paid for it passes into the hands of the executors. . . . It is within their right—I think Mr. Kenneth Gray will confirm that—it is within their right to refuse to hand it over to you.'

'But,' cried Lady Allerton, her cheeks blanching, 'that would be an outrage. What could the executors do with *my* portrait—*mine*?'

'It is, of course, possible,' answered the lawyer, becoming suddenly aware of the pain in his visitor's face, 'that they would hand it over to you without demur. On the other hand, there is a demand made to-day in almost every newspaper'—and he tapped a bundle that lay on his desk—'a demand that every unfinished bit of work from Mr. MacQuaker's brush be purchased by the nation to make a permanent memorial of a genius whose methods in painting were unique. It is thought that unfinished pictures will demonstrate his technique and method most perfectly. . . . I am

sure, Lady Allerton'—and he spoke unctuously—'you would not grudge your portrait for such a collection?'

A ghastly vision rose before the trembling woman's eyes. Her soul—on canvas—for all the world to see—for generations—till the canvas should crumble, and the paint fall from it! Her soul—a spectacle of contempt, a laughing-stock! It was more than she could bear! What had she done to endure such torment? She spoke fiercely.

'That I should never allow! And if the executors were to contemplate such an outrage—if the law permitted them—I should move heaven and earth to prevent them. The portrait is mine! Mine!' Her voice rose almost to a scream. 'Executors or no, I shall have the last word to say as to its fate.'

The lawyer, at a loss to understand his visitor's emotion, spoke soothingly:

'I do not know how far the portrait is completed. If it is in its early stages, it need never be associated with your name. It might be catalogued simply as "Unfinished Portrait of a Lady," if it has not progressed so far that your identity cannot be concealed.'

The little hands in the grey gloves were clasped tensely. A shrill, hard voice came from the pale lips.

'No!—No! In a year, or five years, or twenty years hence, some offensive busy-body would make a great discovery, and publish it far and wide. I can see it now—in print before my eyes. "Portrait number 20 in the MacQuaker collection, which is labelled 'Unfinished Portrait of a Lady,' is a portrait of Lady Allerton. The artist was engaged upon it at his death." At all costs I shall prevent such a defamation of the name I bear.'

The lawyer raised his eyebrows. He was puzzled.

'I think you misuse your words, my lady. How can your portrait do that? Is it such a travesty of you? How far is it completed?'

'I do not know! I have not seen it,' she answered.

'You have not seen it!' he exclaimed. 'That can soon be remedied, if you care to inspect it.'

Hope sprang to life again in the tortured woman's breast. She spoke quietly, seeking to hide the eagerness that pulsed hotly in her veins. 'I think I have a right to see it. I should like to see it.'

'Certainly—by all means; this afternoon, if you please,' answered the lawyer.

Lady Allerton nodded her head. Her relief was so great that she could not trust herself to speak.

The lawyer turned to his desk, scribbled a word or two on a card, and handed it to his visitor.

'You will find Barnes at the studio. This card will admit you.'

As the lawyer held the door open for her he said: 'Possibly, when you have seen your portrait, you will be prepared to consider more favourably whatever proposals the executors may submit to you.'

Lady Allerton held out her hand, but did not reply.

'As quickly as you can—back to the studio,' she ordered, as the chauffeur held the door of the car open for her. A minute later she spoke through the speaking-tube, and the car drew up by the kerb before a huge emporium. Almost before the tall, uniformed commissioner could open the door for her she was out of the car and across the footpath.

She was so long in the shop that the chauffeur waiting by the car wondered why she had demanded such speed of him through traffic-burdened streets, if she could waste time like this. But he was a philosopher. Women were all alike! His mistress, this high-born lady, took as much joy in a bargain hunt as did his own Mary on a Saturday night—when she dragged him round some hot and crowded shop—wasting time—and the pubs closing at ten o'clock. All alike! 'The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin.' The man who said that was no fool!

At last she came, briskly and vital, quick of foot, almost running: not the pale, troubled-looking mistress who had come down from the lawyer's office.

Hidden safely in the car, under the big rug, she peeped at the gleaming scissors she had purchased, and hid them in her bag again. Her soul should never be a laughing-stock—a thing of scorn! She would see to that!

She knocked firmly at the studio door. The lawyer's card was an 'open sesame.' Barnes stood aside at once to let her pass.

She smiled upon him with that rare smile that had melted many a man. 'I have come for a peep at my portrait,' she said. 'Where is it?'

'On the easel in the studio, my lady,' answered Barnes. 'It has not been moved. It is as he left it last night.'

She walked quickly across the ante-room, Barnes beside her.

Near the inner door she paused. A piece of gold found its way into the man's hand. 'I should like to go in alone,' she said.

'Certainly, my lady,' answered Barnes. 'The door is unlocked,' and he turned and left her.

Lady Allerton entered the studio slowly. Fear had seized her as she crossed the threshold : she was trembling violently ; her knees almost gave way beneath her ; her breath came in little gasps. Here, in this room, the revelation awaited her—her own soul, in all its littleness, in all its baseness ! She closed the door gently, and stood with her hand on the handle. The room was still, and so quiet ! There was no sound but that of her breathing. Through the great roof windows the afternoon light stole softly. She moved forward, and stood before the easel. The curtain still hid the canvas that stood upon it. A beam of sunlight fell right on its centre—God's finger pointing in a flame to the shrivelled soul behind it ! She opened her bag and took her weapon in her hand . . . the bag fell at her feet. . . . Swiftly, fiercely, she plucked the curtain aside. . . . Her right hand was raised to strike. . . . The gleaming steel clattered to the floor. Her soul smiled out at her from the face of a Madonna !

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A ROMANTIC CASTLE OF CYPRUS: HILARION AND ITS STORY.

THERE is a castle in Cyprus which challenges the imagination and rejoices the heart of an artist. It takes its name from a hermit, St. Hilarion, who lived thirteen hundred years ago in a cell on the highest peak of a range of mountains. When he died, many pilgrims came from distant lands to pray at the place once hallowed by the good man's presence. Later a sanctuary was raised—of which portions of a church alone remain—built in the earlier Byzantine style in the form of a parallelogram.

From time immemorial saints have shown appreciation of earth's lovely and desirable places, and taken up their abode in them. It is not so invariable to find a mediaeval castle succeeding such an occupation. But this is how the castle of Hilarion took its being. Imagine a range of mountains rising sheer from a broad plain and stretching spine-like across the fairest of islands. In springtime the plain is a wild garden of flowers—narcissi, tulips, ranunculus, anemones, poppies, the tall mysterious asphodel. Young corn, a vivid sheen of dazzling green, covers the red soil. Turkish and Greek villages, embowered in the pink and white blossom of fruit trees, lie peaceful and serene now in an ancient land of rapine and war.

High overhead, dominating the plain of the Mesaorea, as doubtless it once dominated the people who lived there, rises the massive pile of St. Hilarion. Once knights and ladies descended from the heights, and held gay hunting parties, hawking and coursing where they would, for no villager dare object when his young barley was trampled down, or his livestock damaged by the famous Cyprian greyhounds. If he had done so—well, life was cheap then. The kings of the Lusignan dynasty, which claimed also the throne of Jerusalem, ruled Cyprus in the Middle Ages, from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries. They lived in great state and luxury, and during the summer made the castle their residence when the torrid plains basked beneath a pitiless sun. Stories of their doings, with intimate details unfit for squeamish ears, are told in an old French chronicle. There was a king called Pierre—many of the kings were so named—who was very fond of the name Marguerite. His

favourite white mule was called Marguerite, also his bed-chamber at Hilarion, but not all of the many ladies he loved ; his wife, for instance, Eleanor of Navarre. She was a woman of extraordinary force of character, and a passionate and jealous temper. One of her friends who had been unfortunate enough to attract the king's attention was thrown down an *oubliette* by the Queen, and another, discovered in compromising circumstances, only just managed to escape through a trap-door, and away by a sally-port.

Pierre waged a continual war against the Saracens, and, as it was a costly amusement, he frequently fell short of money. On one of these occasions he went to Europe to borrow it, and, travelling as far north as England, came to London. There is a picture in the Corn Exchange now of the Lord Mayor of London entertaining the kings of England, France, and Cyprus.

Before Pierre went away Eleanor was greatly troubled, for her husband had a large heart.

'Perhaps,' she thought, 'if I give him something to remember me by he will think—twice.' And when the parting came she begged a favour on bended knee.

The king granted it, of course, beforehand. What man would not have done so under the circumstances ? Travelling was a chancy business then, and accidents did happen.

'Promise me,' pleaded Eleanor with streaming eyes, 'to sleep with this, Sire, every night.' She pressed a garment into her husband's hands.

It was her nightgown.

The old French chronicle tells many other stories, and it is well to have a mental picture of the kind of life once lived in the old castle before paying a visit there. To ride there from Nikosia, the capital of Cyprus, across the Mesaorea plain in young April is an ideal way and time of doing so. Every mile reveals fresh beauties ; yet do not be deluded—this is spring. By the end of May the flowers are faded, the green of the corn no more ; instead is a dry, dusty land, streaked by arid watercourses. Therefore the joy of April is all the sweeter. Two other castles are perched on the Kyrenia range, Buffavento and Kantara. They are fine ruins, but compared with Hilarion, are as water is to wine. Their grey loneliness is softened by the gay carpet of starry cistus spreading upwards on the bosom of the hills.

The winding road from Nikosia leads to the pass of St. Catherine, whence a footpath winds up towards Hilarion, hidden now from

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view. On the other side of the pass is the seaport of Kyrenia, rich in mediaeval monuments and with its natural loveliness still unspoiled. There are few localities in Cyprus to which some quaint legend or curious story is not attached. By that hoary olive tree, hundreds of years old, and close to the pass, an Englishman was riding in the eighties of last century. He rode in native fashion, astride of a *stratouri*, and the mule needed no guidance. The Englishman's keen eye saw, half hidden in the scrub near the olive tree, a naked man.

'Where the h—— are your clothes?' he asked in Greek.

A broad Scotch voice replied:

'Juist handy, an' I'm awa' back to Syria, and ma penance completed.'

The man, still crouching in the scrub, explained that he had committed a great crime, and to atone for it had spent three weeks in Cyprus, at that time more or less an unknown country, naked as the day he was born.

Suddenly he slipped away, diving down into a runnel in the undergrowth, and disappeared. Nobody saw him again, nor had until that day seen him before. No doubt he returned to Syria, one hopes clothed as well as penitent. What the crime was, or who the man, is a mystery still.

A stiff climb up the hillside leads to a plateau looking towards the sea. Olive and carob trees cover the country below, growing thickest around villages, white in the hot sun. To the north are the dim shapes of the Anatolian mountains, touched by a gleam of snow. Beyond the plateau the path grows more stony and precipitous, and presently, turning with a hairpin bend, opens into a valley sheltered by sharply rising ground. The Knights of Hilarion used to joust here long ago with their ladies' favours on their helms. Beyond—towering—rises a gigantic mass of rock. On it the castle is flung as if by giant hands. They were, however, the hands of hapless slaves, and every stone must be cemented by their blood and their tears.

The castle's first line of defence is a wall, a quarter of a mile in length, on which are nine towers at irregular intervals, circling the lower slopes and stretching upwards to meet buildings that overhang a precipice. The barbican, a mere gate, leads into a bailey, and beyond is the great entrance to the enceinte. Over the entrance are four brackets of a machicoulis, much obliterated

by age, but one of them, representing a lady in the horned headdress of the fifteenth century, is still fairly distinct. Up and up again, scrambling and panting along the stiff ascent, to a gap where formerly a drawbridge guarded the main entrance to the castle. The gap leads to a cluster of buildings. Their walls, made of hewn blocks of stone, are marvellously solid, but the roofs have crumbled away, and the sun pours down into the void where fat brown lizards bask and ravens nest. A belvedere, facing the sea, must have been much used by the court ladies when they reclined at ease or enjoyed the fresh breezes.

Let us rest here too, on a patch of soft herbage, and allow our minds to roam back into the past. Let us think of the warriors and the fair dames, the men-at-arms, the prisoners, the nobles, the statesmen, and the haughty clerics who came and went through the entrance during the Lusignan period. Cyprus was very rich and prosperous then, and her merchants who traded in fine silks, cunningly woven cloths, and heady wines, gave their daughters fabulous dowries. Hilarion has twice been besieged but only once captured, and then by our own King, Richard I of England. It is a romantic tale. Richard was on his way to Acre to fight the chivalrous and warlike Saladin, and Berengaria of Navarre, his bride to be, accompanied him, travelling discreetly in another ship. A great storm arose, and Berengaria's vessel was driven into Limassol, a seaport of Cyprus. The Byzantine Emperor of Cyprus, Isaac, Dukas Komnenos, behaved very badly about it. He retained her as a hostage and sent messages to Richard demanding a ransom. Coeur de Lion's reply was characteristic.

He took the island.

With the assistance of Guy de Lusignan, the titular king of Jerusalem, who turned up in the nick of time, he besieged the principal strongholds, and when finally Hilarion surrendered, the Emperor gave himself up. Cyprus was promptly sold by Richard to the Knights Templar for 100,000 gold bezants, a sum which an American financier might not disdain to make *en route* during a voyage. Eventually the Knights Templar re-sold the island to Guy de Lusignan, and that was how the Lusignan rule began in Cyprus.

Dreaming of all these things, it is easy to imagine the crumbling belvedere thronged with preening dames—none too proper—gazing down on the view below, almost unchanged since they were alive. They must often have watched the forbears of those tiny donkeys

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pattering over St. Catherine's Pass and nearly hidden beneath loads of brushwood. The method of stacking the loads is precisely the same now as then. It is a miracle of balance, and the brushwood, called locally *thrubia*, is very light, so that the four legs of the donkeys, just visible beneath it, are not particularly overtaxed.

The royal palace is perched high above the belvedere, and the only approach a narrow goat-track. A small bastion stands at the entrance, and there are traces of outbuildings, and tanks for rain-water, which was the sole supply of water the castle possessed. That must surely have been the weak point in this otherwise impregnable fortress : its Achilles heel.

Two storeys compose the palace, the lower high and vaulted. A ruined staircase leads into the courtyard, carpeted with delicate spring flowers and sheltered by the natural cliffs forming the walls at the north and south. At the west end, wedged beneath high masses of rock, are the Queen's chambers, still in a fair state of preservation. One exquisite Gothic window faces a sheer precipice. The plain stretches far away to meet a second range of mountains, clothed in purple and indigo, and the flat country between is tinted softly with pastel colours. Blues and rose-pinks, pale greens and yellows, with here and there dark smudges of deeper green around the villages. High on those distant hills Mount Olympus lifts a snow-crowned head. The legendary gods and goddesses of Cyprus once feasted and made merry on Olympus and disputed, it is said, for precedence, although there is no question as to whom it belonged, for Aphrodite is chief among all Cyprian deities. Her sway, age-long as the sea foam from which she rose at Paphos, did not cease at the advent of St. Paul, and Christianity has not yet entirely destroyed her sovereignty. There is a little Moslem village in the forest below Mount Olympus, and in the centre of the village are some ancient ruins of a church, so ancient that they are only a rubble of broken stones. Round them until not long ago were tiny lamps, filled with oil. The Mohammedans who lived in the hamlet supplied the oil out of their scanty store because, they said, the church belonged to a very holy and powerful person—Saint 'Aphrothiti.' Evidently some early Christian missionary had canonised Venus, thinking that so doing would help to make the religion popular, and when the Turks took Cyprus in 1571 the Christians who lived in the village were driven away or murdered. But their conquerors must have heard of the peculiar sanctity of this especial saint and thought it worth while to propitiate her.

Was there ever a madder medley ?

Venus is responsible, too, for the earliest name of Hilarion. At first the site where the castle stands was called Didymos, meaning the twin, from a curious formation of the summit. The word, badly pronounced by the first Latin inhabitants of the isle of Aphrodite, became corrupted into *Dieu d'amour*. In one of the old chronicles, a prince of Antioch seriously relates that it was the castle of Prince Cupid, son of the far-famed queen of Cyprus.

There is a very marked difference between the palace containing the royal quarters and the rest of Hilarion. The Gothic windows, with their finely cut jambs and stately mullions, give an air of refinement that is lacking elsewhere. This is the intimate portion of the castle. It is almost certain that Eleanor must have sat in that deep embrasure of the Gothic window to watch Pierre, her husband, riding away, and wished she was inside the nightgown she had given him. It is a pity to have to add that absence made her heart grow fonder—of somebody else—several somebodies—and that Pierre was so much annoyed on his return that his wife had him murdered.

The rest of Hilarion is made of immensely strong workaday solid masonry, and was inhabited by the men-at-arms and dependents generally. Here the soldiers drank and rioted and jested, or perhaps discussed the antics of prisoners they had thrown over a cliff used for this amiable practice.

On the topmost pinnacle is the keep, only to be reached by a hazardous climb over loose rubble and sliding stones. The view is worth the effort. High overhead a vulture floats heavily. Sturdy shrubs cling to the mountain side, thrusting great roots across the track and under the boulders. Below, the encircling enceinte is reduced by distance to pigmy proportions. From the highest peak, a veritable eagle's eyrie, the defenceless country lies endlessly unrolled and far away glitters :

‘ The deep divine dark dayshine of the sea.’

MARGARET BOVILL.

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WHEN A BOY.

BY BRIG.-GEN. H. H. AUSTIN, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

BORN on the right bank of the broad Irrawaddy at Thayetmyo in June 1868, I spent the succeeding six years of my life in Lower Burma and Southern India. Although I lay no claim to a clear-cut recollection of the sequence of events during that period of my boyhood, yet certain incidents of those days still dwell, for some strange reason, within the recesses of the brains vouchsafed me. Such memories have, doubtless, been reinforced to some extent by lively stories of Indian experiences, more than fifty years ago, related by my mother to us children in the homeland during much of our schooldays. Thus it seems little less than a miracle that my elder brother and I should have passed unscathed through our childhood in Burma; for on several occasions we appear to have both narrowly escaped being bitten by cobras, whilst playing in blissful ignorance of our danger beneath the bungalow erected on piles. But to me that brief portion of my life remains a complete blank.

Nevertheless, I do retain a recollection of travelling by bullock-cart up the Nilgiris with our parents, when little more than two, and being immensely struck by the first waterfall I had ever seen. In later years my father used to tell me that he and my mother were much astonished by my pointing excitedly at the phenomenon, and exclaiming 'Tota talum, tota talum,' which, I believe, is the Tamil or Telegu for 'water falling, water falling'; though why I should have expressed my surprise in a foreign tongue I cannot say. In any case I do not know one single word of either language now, so presumably had acquired an infantile smattering of it from the ayah, or our good friend Rajah Gopal, the butler.

Another event which is engraven on my memory occurred not long after close beside the compound of our bungalow at French Rocks, a small cantonment in Southern India abandoned many years ago. Just beyond one end of this commodious compound was a large tank, a common feature in that part of India, constructed for the storage of rain water and enclosed on three sides by high, steep earthen banks. The water could, however, be

approached with comparative ease from the fourth side ; and I am afraid my brother and I were not infrequently attracted by the forbidden margin of this miniature lake. How we managed to elude the servants of the household on this particular occasion, I do not remember ; but we two imps were thoroughly enjoying ourselves by the water-side when my brother, who was a couple of years older than me, though only five or six, suddenly decided to paddle. What with the water deepening more rapidly than he had expected, and the mud at the bottom, he very soon found himself in serious difficulties, and losing his balance fell face downwards into the tank.

His efforts to regain his feet proved fruitless, and his head disappeared several times below the surface. Genuinely alarmed by now, we both began to scream and yell at the top of our voices, I continuously, and he between splutters of expelling the stagnant water from his lungs. Providentially our father happened to return from parade in his white uniform just then ; and hearing our blood-curdling shrieks on reaching the bungalow, leapt off his horse and hurried to the spot. He arrived none too soon, dashed booted and spurred into the tank, and retrieved his first-born from what would shortly have been a watery grave, but for his timely appearance. Father and son were a sorely mud-bespattered pair, as may be imagined, when the limp lad, borne to the bungalow in his parent's arms, was deposited on his bed to be gradually brought back to life.

We fought rather shy of the tank thereafter ; and before long our impressionable young minds were perplexed by the real presence of death, for the first time. This was brought the more vividly home to us because we thereby lost the companionship of little Claudie Walker, an intimate playmate of ours. We had been accustomed to forgather with him every afternoon at the small station Club, listening to the band together, building mud castles, and generally indulging in the pranks common to lads of our age, when one sad day arrived without Claudie at the Club. We were told he was sick, but would soon be able to join us in our romps again. Day succeeded day, however, and still no Claudie came to play ; and when at last it was broken to us that the little fellow now was dead and would never play with us again, we hardly realised what was meant. But I distinctly remember his small coffin being borne through the cantonment with military honours o the tiny station cemetery that evening, preceded by the band

of his father's regiment playing a solemn funeral march to the graveside where his poor mortal remains were laid.

Happily sorrows sit lightly on those of tender years ; and the excitement of snake-charmers, native conjurors and jugglers, who often contributed to our amusement under the portico in front of the bungalow, soon drove sad thoughts about Claudie's death from our minds. Years later, when, on landing at Bombay as a young man, the growing mango-tree trick, basket illusion, swallowing flaming tow and pulling yards of ribbon from the mouth in its place, and so forth, were performed before me by native conjurors frequenting that port, some latent chord of memory was struck which at once reminded me that there was nothing new or strange in these feats. I had seen them all done heaps of times in some previous existence, seemingly, and knew precisely what was about to follow, though I could not have been more than five or six when last I had witnessed these sleight-of-hand tricks.

The basket trick, I recalled, had especially appealed to the compassionate feelings of us youngsters the first time we saw it done. Everything was pleasant and mildly exciting up to the moment when a little boy squatted complacently in the centre of a low circular basket with outwardly bulging sides. When the lid was put on and pressed firmly down over the now blanketed form of the lad, however, we felt that his quarters must be uncomfortably cramped. Nevertheless, the cooped-up occupant of the basket and his master kept up a cheerful running conversation for some minutes, to convince us, no doubt, that the boy was still inside. Then, horror of horrors, the conjuror seemed suddenly to go mad, for he seized a long straight-bladed sword and thrust its point viciously into, and through, apparently every part of the basket. Piteous cries for mercy from the imprisoned lad passed unheeded ; and soon blood began to ooze forth from the basket and stain the ground around. Then all became still. By this time we boys were about petrified ; and the relief was intense when the magician snatched off the lid, and jumped into the centre of the basket and on to the blanket, to show us that this alone remained behind. Our pent-up emotions gave place to still further joy on presently seeing the small victim of the outrage run in from one side of the portico, smiling, unharmed and salaaming profusely. I will leave it to the reader to solve the mystery.

As regards the snake-charmers, too, I can well remember their daring handling of venomous cobras which appeared to abound

in our compound. In some mysterious manner these gifted gentry would draw the deadly serpents out from their lairs by playing soft music on their 'pillilies,' as we used to term their wind instruments. Whilst seated at the top of the stone steps leading down from the bungalow to the carriage-drive beneath, in the centre of which the charmer squatted, and sheltered from the mid-day sun by the portico overhead, our expectant young eyes would begin to start from their sockets when we detected the expanded hood of a huge cobra held aloft and gliding through the flower-beds towards the maker of this alluring music. Presently the reptile's body would come into full view on the gravel drive, the head and upper part swaying to and fro in rhythm with the music whilst it glided ever nearer to the seemingly unconscious charmer. Soon the sinuous form would be immediately below us and facing the musician, the soft droning notes of whose 'pillili' appeared to produce some sort of magnetic attraction to the enchanted swaying serpent.

Then suddenly out would shoot a long lean arm, and firm fingers grip the neck of the struggling snake as if in a vice. Almost before one could observe what was being done a small piece of stick would be inserted into the forced-open mouth, and the deadly fangs snapped off in the twinkling of an eye. The now perfectly harmless wriggling creature would thereupon be contemptuously thrown down on the ground before us and, with much salaaming, the usual *bakhshish* demanded for ridding the compound of yet another dangerous neighbour.

It is often stated, I know, that the whole thing is a clever fake, and that only tame snakes, already deprived of their fangs, are utilised for these séances; but I cannot believe that such was always the case in the numerous instances of the snake-charmer's skill that I witnessed as a small boy at French Rocks and elsewhere. There is no doubt whatsoever that cobras did dwell within the precincts of our compound at the former station; and I still retain a lively recollection of a regular battue organised by my father for the extermination of a nest of them near the servants' quarters. So far as I can remember, this was a colony of father and mother and eight to ten young, located in a deep hole in the ground, from which they were smoked out and ruthlessly massacred with bamboo canes by my father and some of the servants as they emerged from their hiding-place.

This slaughter was greatly resented by the ayah, on some sort

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of religious grounds, seemingly ; for, shedding bitter tears at the destruction of these objects of her veneration, she poured forth heart-breaking lamentations as she hugged their mangled bodies to her maternal bosom in turn. Whatsoever her belief, full-fledged cobras are, I imagine, scant respecters of persons, judging by the thousands of natives who yearly fall victims to their venom ; so it was probably as well for the distressed ayah that these were no longer capable of requiting her tender embraces.

The ayah, of course, spoilt us boys dreadfully, as most ayahs do the children committed to their charge. But she holds no outstanding place in my memory ; whereas our butler, the sturdy and faithful Rajah Gopal, and Ramaswami, the ' boy,' I see in my mind's eye yet as staunch friends of our childhood. My elder brother and I rather regarded the former as chief purveyor of good things, I fear ; for rarely did he set forth to the bazaar to make the necessary purchases for the day's commissariat but we would burst into song before him. The burden of our refrain, repeated *ad infinitum*, ran ' Rajah Gopal, bring sweetmeats, Rajah Gopal, bring sweetmeats,' which injunction he would smilingly acknowledge until almost out of hearing of our piping voices.

Ramaswami was the stalwart youth who frequently accompanied us on our walks abroad ; and what he didn't know about the flying of kites, and other joys dear to the hearts of young exiles in the East, was not worth knowing. But perhaps what we revelled in most was watching, under his ægis, immense native processions on certain Hindu festival occasions. These, to us, were indescribably weird and wonderful shows ; for behind the ornate tinsel-bedecked models of temples borne on the shoulders of gangs of natives would be seen a human tiger or two. These awe-inspiring creatures were naked save for a loin cloth, their faces, bodies and limbs being painted over with gaudy stripes of yellow, green and red in faint resemblance to those ferocious denizens of the jungle. And to the incessant ' dun-dunnakah-dunnock, dun-dunnakah-dunnock ' of the drums these athletic actors leapt about, darted hither and thither, snarling and growling amid the gay throng, in rough imitation of the man-eaters they were supposed to represent. As may be imagined, we small lads at the side of the road generally received an especially vigorous display of the ' tigers ' activities when they arrived opposite us.

A common feat we used to see performed in those days, but which I do not remember to have witnessed in later life in India,

was for a 'tiger' to stoop down and seize with his teeth a standing sheep, by the skin on the small of its back. Lifting the animal bodily from the ground in his mouth, and with a quick jerk of his shoulder and neck muscles, the 'tiger' would hurl the inoffensive beast high in the air over his own head—to the accompaniment of vociferous applause by the onlookers. But why he did not break his own neck in the process was always a cause of astonishment to us boys.

One humble member of our household nearly broke his neck, however, in another manner. Near the bungalow was a toddy plantation, the private property of a relatively rich native, and a considerable source of wealth to that individual. Often had we boys watched with wonder his naked minions mounting the tall slender bare trunks of these palms, by means of a stout cloth band that passed round both the waist of the climber and the tree. This loop was sufficiently long to enable the man to lean well back from the tree with his feet planted firmly against the trunk; and then, step by step, he would ascend to what appeared to us a giddy height, by shifting the loop about his waist and the tree as he progressed upwards to the foliage far above the ground. Arrived there, he would make a deep incision in the bark of the palm, and catch the milky juice as it oozed forth in a small earthenware pot carried up for the purpose. This done he would descend the tree in like manner, by means of the loop, and then deal similarly with some other adjacent palm. The liquid extracted provides, among other things, a very potent intoxicant if allowed to ferment, though when first drawn from the palm it constitutes a very refreshing and harmless drink that we boys were sometimes permitted to sip in small quantities.

Which particular kind of beverage one of our syces desired to brew secretly, by scaling to near the summit of one of these lofty trees at dead of night, is probably not very hard to guess. He had, apparently, mastered the intricacies of the feat described above, and succeeded in reaching the foliage gently waving overhead in the breeze. When about to make an incision in the bark, however, some lurid apparition amid the great leaves—from his account—glowered at him through eyes that were balls of fire, and spat out jets of flame upon his defenceless head and shoulders. With shrieks of terror the would-be thief cast off from his moorings, and he and his loop slid with such precipitancy down thirty or forty feet of tree trunk that he was lucky to get off with a broken

leg only when coming in contact with the ground. A search party issued forth from the bungalow with lanterns in response to his frantic cries for help, but all they could elicit from the terror-stricken syce on arrival at the spot was moans of 'Shaitan, shaitan' (the Devil, the Devil), as he pointed tremulously to the tree-top. But they saw not the Father of Sin, so the probably just conclusion arrived at was that a guilty conscience had conjured up fire and flames, despite the protestations of the superstitious menial to the contrary.

Mention of this incident leads me, by natural transition, to recall the existence of a real *shaitan* that, for a time, took up his abode in one of the trees in our compound. This was an enormous jungle cat, almost as big as a small leopard and well-nigh as savage. By night this obnoxious beast would prowl about the compound, attempting to thief meat, and terrifying the servants as they passed to and fro between their quarters and the bungalow, bearing dishes for their master's dinner. The nuisance became so intolerable that my father at length decided the cat must either be captured or slain; and in order to guard against his escape the foot of the tree, on a high fork of which the creature usually roosted by day, was completely surrounded early one morning with a stout net. The rest of the *tamasha* we boys were allowed to witness.

My father stood outside the net armed with his shot-gun; for though he hoped it might be possible to enmesh the magnificent specimen for some Zoo, its unwelcome presence here had to be removed somehow, and now. The cat was awakened from his slumbers by a shower of stones and abuse from native members of the household only too anxious to rock him. In reply to the first fusillade the beast yawned widely, and slowly stretched his powerful limbs; but as stones presently began to strike the branches in closer proximity to him, he seemed to consider it time to get a move on. But wherever he climbed stones followed thick and fast; and he then appeared to decide to make a clean bolt for it, and abandon the tree on which he was so precariously situated. So he came shinning down the tree trunk like some huge squirrel, towards his tormentors; but spotting the net he evidently declined the invitation to be snared and commenced to clamber up again, his eyes ablaze with fury, and spitting forth wrath and defiance as missiles struck him, and all around him. My father then deemed it advisable to put an end to the business, so brought the beast down with one shot from his gun; and as it lay snarling and

pawing the ground, a picture of concentrated dying hate, a second shot terminated his struggles. Much to my relief, I confess, as I was becoming thoroughly alarmed by the animal's display of ferocity.

Verily, memory is a fickle, elusive jade ; for, whereas I quite well remember the day when my younger brother was born, though only three at the time, I have no recollection whatever of the advent of the fourth son, some two and a half years later again. Nor can I recall his existence during our journey to the sea and the voyage home, presumably because he was merely an infant in arms, and therefore of no account in the eyes of us elder boys. Nevertheless he proved an important factor in our safety, it seems, from what our good mother used to tell us in later years.

In the days of which I write, the small cantonment we graced with our presence was many miles distant from the nearest railway station ; so when our parents decided it was about time their progeny should be deported to England, as my elder brother was approaching his eighth birthday, roofed-in bullock-carts had to be utilised for conveying the crowd to the train. The journey entailed travelling day and night for several days on end ; and my father, unfortunately, was prevented by his military duties from accompanying us. Part of the country traversed had, not long before, been the haunt of thugs and dacoits, and tigers roamed the jungles through which the road ran. It was not altogether a cheerful undertaking, therefore, for an unarmed young matron, with four small children, to embark upon, despite the esteemed company of the ayah and our good friend Ramaswami to lend a hand *en route*.

The convoy consisted, I believe, of four carts, two loaded to the roof with baggage, and the other two providing lying-down accommodation for my mother, the ayah and us four encumbrances. The baggage led the van, and then came the cart with Ramaswami and us two elder boys, closely followed by that occupied by our mother, ayah and the two babes—in the post of danger. Tigers and dacoits had, at all costs, to be kept at a distance ; so whilst penetrating particularly lonely tracts by night, my mother hit upon the somewhat original artifice of pinching in turn her small sons sharing her bullock-dandy, thereby extorting howls of anguish at intervals from the disturbed slumberers. The idea did credit to maternal instinct, being based on the assumption that no dacoits would venture to molest a bullock train containing Europeans, a white baby's cries being entirely different, apparently, from those

of a native child. Tigers, too, were seemingly expected to discern the difference ; and would be far too cunning to run the risk of receiving a bullet from a white man's rifle by approaching the convoy closely. Anyhow, we reached the railway without mishap ; and our mother's acumen had doubtless enabled my elder brother and me to profit from the pain inflicted on our juniors—in accordance with the just law of primogeniture.

And how well I remember, on reaching the railway, the awe that overcame me when viewing the first locomotive and carriages on rails that I can recall. The scramble and bustle in the station after our placid existence in a secluded cantonment bewildered us mightily, too, and I marvel that one or other of us was not misled whilst boarding the train for Madras.

Fresh wonders here, also. The good ship *Othello*, Hull, in which our passages were booked, was riding at anchor out in the open roadstead ; and when pointed out to me I innocently inquired 'Is that England, then ?' England, I had been told, was a small island, and entirely surrounded by the sea ; so this was our journey's end at last, for here was the sea, and that surely the small island set in the midst of it.

But no ; still more excitements to swallow as we launched through the surf in the lively *masowlah* boat, the spray being flung high up all around us before we entered the calmer waters beyond, and there hoisted sail for our ocean home of the next few weeks. What a plethora of marvels for our young minds ! A gently rocking castle of iron now—floating, too ! 'Dear us ! What next ?' we wondered, as we scrambled, or were carried, up the ship's gangway to the deck high above the water.

Our capacity for astonishment seemed almost exhausted. The flickering spark was fanned into flame, however, on observing two huge wooden cases on the main deck, behind the stout iron bars of whose fronts two full-grown tigers were penned, their cruel eyes devouring with hungry looks the little white-faced boys gazing open-mouthed at them from a respectful distance. Near by, more cages and crates, containing jungle-cats, monkeys, parrots and other animals that escape my memory—a regular menagerie, in fact, destined for various Zoological Gardens in England. We boys were certainly going to be in clover during the voyage, with wild animals to watch when in want of excitement to while away weary hours on board ship.

One monkey, Jacko, was treated as a privileged person during

the earlier part of the voyage, in that he was not confined to a crate, but roamed within the limits of a chain that secured him to his kennel. Whilst taking cargo on board at some port—probably Colombo—we learnt that the little creature, thoroughly exasperated at something done to him by one of the lascars, had leapt on to the man's back and bitten him fiercely in the nape of the neck. The man died, and Jacko was destroyed. Yet he had always been gentle and affectionate when we children played with him ; so we mourned his loss greatly for a time.

I fear, however, we three elder children were a source of constant anxiety to our mother and the ayah ; for there was little of the 'angels without wings' about us. When the chief officer gave my elder brother and me a sound spanking, though, after rescuing us from walking along the ship's side outside the rails, over which we had clambered whilst our mother and the other passengers were down below at tiffin, and the ayah momentarily absent—with the baby, I suppose—we did not risk our lives again in that manner. Further spankings were received, however, and thoroughly deserved, no doubt, owing to an insatiable desire on our part to swarm up shrouds, and endangering our limbs in other foolish ways.

My younger brother, not to be outdone by his elders' pranks, light-heartedly devoured the inflammatory ends of a number of matches one day, when alone and unobserved, with the result that he poisoned his system, and broke out into a fine crop of sores all over his face. He was still a sweet-looking object on arrival in England, where five maiden aunts eagerly awaited the advent of their sister and four brand new nephews from the Gorgeous East. I doubt if the dear ladies thought much of the gang at first sight.

Yet our mother derived some little compensation for her anxieties by taking part in theatricals that were periodically got up by the passengers during the voyage. Her penchant for practical jokes almost proved the undoing of a certain play, however, which we two elder boys were permitted to witness as a great treat. She was a nurse, I remember, in attendance upon a choleric old sick gentleman, to whom in one scene she had to administer a bowl of arrowroot. The invalid was unwillingly persuaded to gulp down a generous mouthful of this nourishment, and forthwith commenced to cough and splutter in a most realistic manner. We screamed with delight at his horrible grimaces and life-like imitation of a testy old man resenting the taking of so childish a sop for his

ailment. And still he continued to cough and choke so violently that the curtain had finally to be rung down, for the unfeeling nurse was convulsed with laughter too. She had surreptitiously put plenty of salt instead of sugar into his pap!

And so at length the Suez Canal was reached. Few of the passengers on board had entered it before, as it had only been opened for traffic some three years previously; and in those days parents spent longer spells as exiles in the East without coming home than they ever dream of doing now. It was more than nine years since our mother had left England and journeyed round the Cape by herself, to be married on arrival in India. Steaming slowly for several days up this narrow cut through a howling wilderness of sand lingers in my memory yet; but nothing of the latter part of the voyage can I recall up to the time we landed in England, and became engulfed amid millions of our own race.

DRAMAS OF MY GARDEN.

'GOD ALMIGHTIE,' says Francis Bacon, 'first Planted a Garden, and indeed it is the Purest of Humane pleasures.'

Indeed it is, although, for all his piety, the garden as planned by Bacon would have been quite abominably unlike any planted by God. And indeed it is also true, as Bacon clearly thought, that of a garden the chief delight will ever be the flowers. I am not gainsaying that. But what I would plead is that a garden gives other occasions of delight also—other pure, humane pleasures—often overlooked by reason of over-concentration on its flowers. When I sit out in my garden I seem to be taking front seat for every imaginable kind of drama, tragical, comical, even frankly farcical. And of course the actors are all those small people of the garden whom many even of the most faithful garden-lovers almost overlook, because they are occupied so much, perhaps entirely, with the flowers. I admit, with no assumed modesty, that many, perhaps most, of these devout garden-lovers know a great deal more about the flowers than I. But I do also submit that, being so flower-centred, they miss a great deal of what I see. After all, these flowers, so beautiful as they are—their beauty not only beyond exaggeration, but even far beyond expression—still remain the scenery, the adjuncts, the 'properties' of Nature's theatre rather than the actors. The real actors, who move and fight and love and die before our eyes, are the animals, the birds and insects, so much more fully alive than the flowers, and just as beautiful.

Perhaps it is worth while, perhaps it is a kindly service to those who miss the animal dramas, to sketch out a few of them which have been played before my own eyes—not at all because they are uncommon, but for the very opposite reason, that they are such as every man can hope to see in every garden. They may not be these very same acts, but the players are many and their repertory is large; they will not fail him if only he have the seeing eye. I write in hope to open that eye for him, so that he may see.

And even if those eyes are fast centred on your flowers you still may have an ear for a sound, as it comes to me now, with a 'Snip' and then a 'Snap' in the air very close above my head. I know, before looking, who snipper and snapper are—a pair of fly-catchers who take lodging in my garden yearly, paying full

rental in their riddance of evil insects. It is comparative riddance only—they cannot snap all of that great pest, but surely I cannot urge that they fail to do their best and work their hardest. Not for them a question of the eight hours day or other idler's nonsense : they are zealous at it from early morn to dewy eve, and in June days the morn comes early and the dew falls late.

It was not always thus with them. Back in May I used to hear—not 'Snip' and then 'Snap,' as now—but 'Snap' often and 'Snip' scarcely ever, for the lady whose beak is very often saying 'Snip' in June had other business then. Together they had built themselves a nest on the cross-piece that helps to hold together the structure of an old ivy-grown wooden paling. There she had laid five eggs, red-blotched on a greenish yellowish ground, and there she used to sit with eyes looking very round and black and apprehensive. She sat and sat, with very short intervals, for days and days, to the span of a fortnight or so. Occasionally she came off and caught the insects, and sometimes her husband took her food and fed her, but this eternal sitting was not likely to provoke an appetite, I imagine, and she did with little. But now, in June, there are appetites more than enough to be satisfied, for that determined sitting had its full reward. Every egg had become a chick, and there they were, five of them in the nest, one on top of the others nearly all the time ; for it seemed as if the nest would just accommodate four and that the fifth must always accommodate itself with a seat on the collective huddled backs of the others whom its so sitting did not appear to incommode in the least. Whether it were always the same fifth that thus sat aloft, or whether there was a shuffle of places from time to time, I never curiously inquired. One must respect domestic sanctities. I have said that the lady's beak closing on her captures makes a sound rather higher, thinner than the full baritone 'Snap' with which the husband grips his quarry, but I believe this is no more than a personal chance : I do not think it is a constant sexual trait.

In the hawking of their flies I see no difference : one is as deft and nimble and graceful as the other, and you could not easily put a standard higher.

As vantage post, for their swoops down, they choose a perch that has not much foliage about it to impede the view and the flight. One of two acacia trees, which have put on their leaves late and rather sparsely, fulfil this condition for them, and its branches suit them well. Their eyesight must be wonderful, so far off as they spy a fly or other minute prey. Then they dart off, one or

other—they never make the mistake of going in flight at the same object—and usually it is with a downward swoop, in a trajectory of beautiful curve, rather abruptly down in its first stage, then flattening out as the small hawk comes skimming along the lawn and snatches a fly from the trimmed grass exactly as a swallow picks a floating dun from the face of a chalk stream. But not always is the slope downward, for sometimes they will see a prey that takes their fancy high, fifty feet, maybe, in the heaven. For this the trajectory must be reversed, an upward curving flight be made, and then, at close quarters with the object of their chase, a quick shifting of poise and pose, a darting here and there, a rapid turning, all executed within a wonderfully small circumference for movement so swift and varied. The result is ever the same : never, that I see, does the victim finally escape ; after less or more of this wonderful aerial dance and posturing comes the inevitable ‘ Snap ’ or ‘ Snip ’ which means the end. There is one other special trick of flight which they do beautifully—one out of a score of variations less distinctive—that is the wing stroke which they play when the quarry is settled on a leaf against the wall, or of one of the trimmed yews or boxes.

Looking at it as a problem in the mechanics of flight, it is the problem presented by an object to be plucked off a perpendicular surface. How is this to be done ? Their solution is precisely that of the humming-bird sucking honey from the flower that is against an upright plane or tree stem. With beating wings and with tail, as it looks to me, rather broadened out fan-wise and depressed, as if to put on the brake, they flutter there, keeping their place with the body held in the human posture, upright, and so, after a moment’s hang in the air, the beating wings supporting and the tail saving them from a dash against the upright, they pick off their fly. And they have need of many flies and many modes of capture, for all five children.

I imagine all five will soon be fed up to a size nearly equal to their parents, and will look perhaps even a size larger, because of the fluffiness of the plumage of most young things when they are first taken out into the world. After that I may go back to my flowers with attention distracted neither by ‘ Snapper ’ nor by ‘ Snipper.’ And sorely I shall miss them.

They will, I know, be gone because it is the common way of birds, after they have brought their young brood from the nest, to lead them a little distance away from the nursery. One may easily guess why—because the constant hunting of the parents will

have brought down to a low figure the supply of that particular kind of insect which they have been busily turning into baby food for the last two or three weeks. It is not unlikely that the larder should run a little short. So a brief pilgrimage, maybe of not more than a score or so of yards, a pleasant trial trip for young wings and for claws that have not yet a strong grip on the perch, and you may come to what is virtually virgin country; for, though there may be other birds there in possession, still, so long as they are not of your very own fly-catching clan, they will not have been hunting exactly the same quarry, and you may find provender for yourself and family in fresh supply. It is very certain that you will not stay there long if it should be within the domestic circle of another of your own kind. There is no person in the world with a stronger sense of the rights of property than the bird in possession. He stands no nonsense, and if you are a sensible newcomer you will enter upon no contest with him on the point. It is not worth your while. He will expend energy of beak and claw to the death-grip in defence of the territory around his home, and you have no like motive for such fierceness. You are people of sound sense in the greenwood, not nice on the point of honour; and fighting for fight's sake is no wise bird's game.

Now through these flighty mazes of the fly-catchers has been going from time to time a widow lady in dusty black who has been haunting my garden for some weeks past. I judge her widow, because it is long since I used to hear the whistle of her jetty husband fluting down from the trees above the bushes wherein I know, though I never actually set eyes on it, is their nest.

He was a splendid fellow, so glossy black and so orange-billed. Her hues are like his, but modestly subdued. But he is gone—cat, the traditional enemy of their house, the most probable lethal cause—and she—! She has my admiration, so zealously as she works to feed that young family which I know to be within the secrecy of the dense box and laurustinus tangle under the sombre yew that goes up to roof that arbour, like the Branstock through the homestead of the Volsungs.

Just at my head's height in the close-clipped wall of box is an opening, a hatch, a passageway into the mysteries of the yew tree's arbour from the outer sunlight, and many times since I have been watching the fly-catchers has this friend of mine, the widow lady, gone at full flight, straight as an arrow, out of the golden light, through the hatchway and into the murk. How dare she?—that is what I ask myself—dare go at such pace, so heedless, into a place

of so many boughs, although leafless because the light cannot come into it, but every bough a peril against which she may dash herself? I ask myself every time I see her go; but of course I need not ask. She dares because each bough within that blackness is far better known to her than the passage ways of my own house to me—far better, because she traverses them so far more often.

She goes perpetually, her industry unbelievable, here and there over the lawn with her bold, swift run, a stop after each run to look around with head erect and very bright round challenging eye, as much as to say: 'Who's afraid?' Now and again she gives a peck and a dig and then another peck and dig and so on, not content till she has her bill not only full but bunching over on both sides with worms and slugs. Then, when the beak is choke-full, she will take wing and go full tilt through the dipping and dancing fly-catchers and straight as a dark arrow into her hatchway. Within, she turns sharply to the right. I know that, although I have never actually seen the nursery, because I have looked through the hatch and found the interior so arranged that the nursery is certainly rightward.

And there is another lady, a widow also as I scarcely doubt, though not clad in the decent weeds of my friend under the yew tree. Yet I am much more sorry for her just now, because she has been going to and fro for a long while trying to find herself a home—and she an expectant mother! She is a splendid bumble bee, large, handsome, with glossy black plumage, a chestnut tail, and a most enormous 'boom' as she flies. But at the moment she is not flying, but crawling, questing, unrestingly questing a home for herself and her young brood in some likely hole of the grassed bank which slopes down to the tennis court, questing, yet failing to find. For the weather has been dry, and the ground is hard and arid, so that, though she squeezes her great body, now under a leaf of flat-growing plantain, now through some tangle of fine grasses, or tries where the sun's force or the scraping of small animal claws have bared a patch of earth, yet nowhere can she find shelter ready made for her needs nor soil kindly enough to be fashioned out by such tools as Nature has given her.

I know how her domestic business will go forward, once she has found its place—with building up of a few waxen cells and laying of an egg in each. Soon these eggs will turn into round white babies. They will grow fat and large, having not much else to do, until they are so big as to fill all that cell space which at first had been absurdly spacious for them so that it might serve as a generous

store cupboard and also give room for the performance of such gymnastics as a nearly legless grub may indulge in. So they will come to be creatures like smaller editions of the big handsome mother, smaller and with plumage less gloriously bright—their hues to hers, rather as a nuthatch's to a kingfisher's.

Then they will go out into the world, swift-winged, able and willing to work for younger sisters and a few brothers. I do not suppose that my friend the founder mother will go out much then: I expect that the nursery will claim and keep her. In autumn a few babies larger than their sisters will be hatched out from the cells. They will have the figure of this fine lady now vainly trying to solve her nursery problem on my grassed bank. They will go forth and find them husbands; then, when the cold days come, they will seek some sheltered place—say, under my cottage thatch—and there, with temperature and all life's energies lowered, with little need of oxygen, they will go into the hibernation trance until some warm spring day shall liven them and they come forth house-hunting even as the mother of them all is hunting now.

It begins to hurt me to see how furiously she searches, and how vainly. She tries digging for a while—with her strong middle legs, not with the weaker front pair—but the ground is too stony. All she does is to make her bright feathers grievously dusty. So she gives up and sets to cleaning the dust from her, cleverly brushing her head down with the same pair of legs that have made the dust. She takes little notice of me: I can watch her very closely. And I do my best to help her by poking some holes in the bank for her with my stick. She pays several of these the compliment of a visit, but humiliates me by the contempt she shows them—just a look down and a sniff and away again. Perhaps the scent of my stick has an evil savour for her. Once she does find a burrow which seems to be something like what she wants—I suspect it the tunnel of some mining hymenoptera much smaller than my friend. But she does manage surprisingly to so squeeze her body as to vanish down it—I can just see a gleam of a chestnut tail by peering in. She is in there for half a minute or so, doing I know not what. But finally she backs out again, not finding it all that she expected; and this time it needs a far more wholesale brushing, head, body, everywhere, to rid her of the grimy dust.

She makes one or two more ventures, up the bank and down again, then gives it up for the time being as a bad job, and booms off for refreshment to the aquilegias in the border above.

And, piercing that bass booming, come high-pitched notes,

plaintive small squeakings from somewhere behind and above me. I let my eyes go the way my ears lead them, and there is yet another drama in action. The stage this time is uplifted and lofty, at no less a height than my cottage thatch ; and the company is a number, a considerable number, so quickly shifting place that they give me no time or chance to count them accurately, of actors all decked out soberly in the same motley brown—a very large family of very little wrens.

I have known, of course, that a pair of these small people have had a nest under the eaves. They have been very busy coming and going, now and then cheering me and themselves with trills of song. So those are their youngsters now—it is the first time that I have had sight of them—so far grown and fledged that they have crept out of the nest, and, clinging to the straws of the thatch, have climbed to the roof. I imagine, at least, this to have been their way of going : I did not see it.

What I do see is the result—a dozen or thereabout of tiny brown bodies, just, but hardly, visible upon the brown of the old thatch ; and in and out and all about them is going another body, one of the parent birds, in a high state of agitation—for a reason which at first I cannot guess.

But now she, the parent—I suspect the mother, but I am not sure—begins further energies, for there she goes in flight, from the edge of the thatch across and downward, to a tall bush, almost a tree, of elder, which is bravely struggling for life against a dour yew for neighbour. She goes down, this tiny flight of a yard or two, and then back and up to the thatch again, and at each coming the babes, with one accord, put up heads and open cavernous beaks greedily expectant. But that stern small parent is, for the moment, taking no notice of expectancies. What she is saying to them I cannot hear, but surely something that they understand ; for they begin to grow more and more perturbed and restless. And still she keeps going and coming to and from the elder bush, and still, no doubt, they are hungrier and hungrier after each disappointment as she comes and brings them nothing. At last she seems to hearten them to the big resolve, the great adventure, the aim of all her schooling and all her example—for now, as if moved by a common impulse, the whole company rise into the air a height of a good two inches above the surface of the thatch ; they launch themselves down following their intrepid parent and go with very manful wing strokes over the yawning abyss between thatch and elder bush.

To me, watching, it seems as if all rose at once, fired with

simultaneous bravery, but I suppose what really happened is that one, boldest spirit of them all, ventured forth first after his mother, and that the rest, splendidly led, took heart and wings and followed.

A glorious spectacle—as it were a large covey of microscopic ‘Partridges Over!’ And would they not have made sport for a party of gunners, say about the size of fairies, with popguns, loaders, shooting-stick seats and all paraphernalia! I could almost think I heard the guns popping. But if so, the fairies were poor shots, for all the little birds have made the flight in safety, and now they are become invisible as the fairies themselves beneath the thick foliage of the elder. I imagine them receiving, as due reward of valour, beakfuls of insect juiciness.

I have an idea that the old birds must have learnt wisdom from the sad experience of last year, to lead the young family out into the world thus, by way of the elder bush. Last year they must have essayed, I think, the whole immense descent of twelve or even fourteen feet from thatch to ground as one prodigious enterprise—an adventure on the truly tremendous scale, whether you attempt it by flight, vol-planing on ‘outstretched wings, or by scrambling down the clematis and lattice that go up the wall.

However it were attempted, it cost one good life at least. One venturer lay dead, with three wasps already busy in *post mortem* upon it, on the flagged path, when I found it, and others were scuttling among the flowers or squeaking hungrily for food and parental attention from the bushes. The little mother of them all was infinitely busied and distracted, scolding, sympathising and grieving by turns, as her language and gestures seemed to tell me—a very human mother. It was from that sad lesson, maybe, that she learned this year’s better way.

‘Snipper’ and ‘Snapper’ have been doing their job all the while, and so too the widow lady of the yew tree, curiously indifferent to the epic adventure on the thatch. Really such indifference is not ‘humane,’ as Bacon has it. They miss much for lack of appreciation.

And we too shall miss much if we look always and only on the flowers of our gardens, planted, let us hope, more after God’s design than Bacon’s, with never an eye or an ear for those actors, who really are more ‘humane’—their lives and loves and hates nearer our own pattern. I do not plead with any garden-lover that he love his flowers less—only that he know and love his other blessings also.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE SHEPHERD'S HORN.

BY LAURENCE KIRK.

B, we used to call her, B with about four e's at the end of it—or more, if we wanted something very much. How she stood it all those years is a mystery. Any other woman would have been worn out very quickly with five such complete little savages to look after. But she never wavered. She saw each of us through to our schooldays, from the beginning to the end, from the eldest to the youngest, and then she married a farmer and never had any children of her own.

I often wonder what happens to the servants who fill such a large space in our lives when we are very young. Sometimes, of course, they stay with us and become old retainers, perhaps even become rather a nuisance, for the privileges of an old retainer cannot be circumscribed. On the whole, it's probably better that they should pass, as they generally do pass, out of our sight. Then we can remember them as they were and not as they are. I can still see other figures on that far horizon. There was Maggie, the cook, who had currants for us when she was in a good temper and a rolling-pin when she wasn't; Amy, the housemaid, a puir timorous beastie, whom we delighted to play jokes on; and John the gardener, who used to mend the things we broke. But these were all passing shadows. Maggie departed and Lizzie reigned in her stead; Amy went off and there were a dozen housemaids after her. The only one that was permanent was B. There isn't a moment in my childhood that I can look back upon without feeling her there in the background, all-seeing, all-powerful, almost like God.

We never at any time called her 'Nanny.' Nannies are soft creatures and rather incompetent. And B was never like that. She was hard, untiring, capable: not really very lovable. But we did love her. It was her tremendous power of character that made us love her, although we didn't know what character was. There was a touch of Mussolini about her. She knew just where to draw the line. And when she drew the line she drew it firmly. Lord, what a hard hand she had! Such is the memory of that hand

that I've never yet been able to force myself to believe that women really are the softer sex. But she was just. The hand never descended on the wrong bottom, and that was a thing we appreciated. Like other children, we had a desperate craving for justice, and, by Jove, we got it! When there had been wrong-doing afoot, however much we lied to get out of it—and we lied like little troopers—she always discovered the real culprit, and there was no good wriggling then. There was no nagging either, no promises to be good in future, no being put on our honour, no appeal to our better nature; she just gave us a damned good whacking, and then perhaps a gentler kiss than usual when we were put to bed.

I can't remember what she looked like then. I believe she was very good-looking. A little stiff perhaps, but that was probably the fault of her clothes. She must have had several admirers before the one she accepted. But again I know nothing about that. Nor can I tell why she refused them, supposing they did exist. It may, of course, have been simply love for us, or again it may be that, having seen what savages men are when they're young, she had little inclination to take on one that was grown up. In any case I tremble to think of the chaos there would have been had she deserted us. However, she didn't. She never deserted us. And although she was pretty lavish and vigorous in her whackings, she would fight like a cat, lie like a trooper, to protect us from anybody else. There was one regrettable occasion when we shut the dam and diverted the waters from the mill while the miller was in the midst of his grinding. We did it, I think, because my rabbit died after eating some bran the miller sold us, and we wanted him to be a little upset. But we weren't prepared for the furious man who came out with a big stick to deal with us there and then. And he would have dealt with us if it hadn't been for B. She just stood in front of us and dared him to come on. She said it was his fault for having a dam that any child could play with. She said he was a drunken old beast, which was perfectly true, and that his stuff wasn't worth having even when his mill did work. And whenever the miller opened his mouth she had some new insult to hurl at him, and in the end he collapsed like a balloon and went back to the mill without even remembering to turn the water on again. We were very quiet as we walked home on that occasion: we thought the whacking had merely been postponed. But it never came. And we were so disconcerted that we were good for at least a week.

We were Red Indians in those days. The Indian village was in

the wood beyond the garden, and we had wonderful hats, red hats with feathers on them, all made by B ; for though the palm of her hand was so hard, her fingers were very clever with a needle. Each one of us had his own wooden hut, and if one Indian wanted to start a fight he had only to make a disparaging remark about one of the other Indians' huts. And it was a sure and certain draw. Bows and arrows and tomahawks were the beginning, but as the fight grew more intense and more personal, they generally gave way to fists and feet and teeth. The village must have been sacked and destroyed as many times as Rome, but like Rome it was always rebuilt, it always survived, and our own children are fighting in it at this moment.

There is so much to remember about that time that I had nearly forgotten the shepherd's horn. It was just a curved horn with a mouthpiece of bone, and it hung on the nursery wall. It hung there on a nail all day long till tea-time ; then when the tea was all ready, B used to take it down and put her head out of the nursery window and blow. And wherever we were we always heard it. Whatever we were doing, whether we were in the middle of a battle or only beginning it, we left off at once, stampeded back to the house, rushed upstairs three steps at a time, and burst into the room like an avalanche. And when we saw the tea all ready and the plates of crisp, hot girdle scones, and butter and jam and perhaps a cake, we forgot what it was we were fighting about, and behaved like hungry little gentlemen. For years that horn blew every day at tea-time. And at first there were five of us stampeding up the stairs and bursting into the room, then as the time came for each of us to go to school there were only four, then three, and two, and at last only one. I myself was the one, and as I sat by myself in the deserted and peaceful Indian village I used to hear the horn as of old, and run to the house, perhaps not quite so fast, rush up the stairs only two at a time, and sit down to tea with old B and the scones. And then at last my turn came too, and the horn was heard no more.

We were all away when B got married. She married a farmer who lived some few miles away from our house, and I expect she found the cows and hens and pigs a rest. We used to go and see her in the holidays, often at first, then, as time went on, not quite so often. There were so many other things to do. After that one by one we left school and were scattered about the world, and we hardly saw her, or even thought of her, at all. Then the War came

and every thought and memory was swallowed up in the intensity of it. We did hear that the farmer had died and that B had moved to a little house in the village, but we weren't at home even for a day all those years, and we hadn't a thought to spare for the old times we had with her.

It was in 1919 that we came home, those of us that were left. My brother and I must have been there two or three months, trying to get used to the sensation of being still alive, when one day as we were playing tennis he lobbed one over the netting into the wood. We hadn't been into the wood all the time, and it was a strange sensation, when we went to look for the ball, to find ourselves standing amongst the ruins of the Indian village. I know what my own feelings were at the moment, and I think his must have been the same, for he suddenly started to look for the ball unnaturally keenly.

Eventually I found it under a tuft of grass, but we lingered a moment looking at the remains of the huts that used to be ours. Mine, I'm afraid, was the more dilapidated, and my brother noticed it.

'I always said mine was the best built,' he said proudly. 'Just look at it now!'

But I wasn't going to admit anything like that after all the blood I'd shed over my hut.

'Hideous things always last for ever,' I replied.

He was quite indignant.

'It isn't the least bit hideous.'

'It is.'

'It isn't.'

That was how the old fights always began. It might have led to one even then, but just at that moment, as clear as Big Ben in Westminster, I heard the horn.

At the same moment my brother suddenly said: 'Old B! I wonder how old B is!'

I looked at him.

'Then you heard it too!'

'You don't mean to say you did?'

'Yes.'

'But it's absurd.'

'It may be. But I certainly heard the horn.'

We looked at each other for a moment.

'What happened to the horn?' he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. Then he said: 'And what's happened to B?'

Neither of us spoke then, but with one accord we went straight round to the garage and took the car out, and went off as fast as we could to the village.

I am not a superstitious person, but I had a terrible feeling that something had happened to B. The utter impossibility of any natural explanation made me certain of disaster, for, like others who scoff at the uncanny in the experience of others, I was doubly impressed by anything unnatural that happened to myself. The two of us couldn't have heard the sound like that unless there was some tremendous reason behind it. And the sound was unmistakable, and, after all those years, significant.

We had to call at the post office to ask where B's cottage was. Then we found it and knocked at the door, and there was no reply. After a pause we opened the door and went inside and looked into the room on the left, and found it empty. Then my brother opened the other door and we went in. I don't know what I expected to see. But my anxiety was so intense at the moment that I observed everything in an instant—the depressing pictures on the wall, the horn hanging on a nail between them, the table set for tea and the kettle steaming on the hearth, yes, and old B sitting beside the fire as hale and hearty as you could like!

I don't know which was the more astonished, she at seeing us alive or we at seeing her alive. But she recognised us at once, and got up and held our hands, and looked us all over to see whether we were what she expected us to be. She was just the same except for the grey in her hair and the lines on her face. But how small she seemed when she stood up! I could remember her towering up above me, and there she was only half-way up my waistcoat. And when I looked at her little wrinkled hand, I smiled to think of the power it had wielded.

'Oh, my dears, I am so glad to see you.'

She said that again and again. Then she bustled about getting the tea ready for us, and we knew every movement, every gesture she made. And where had we been all this time? she asked, and why didn't we let her know we were coming? and was I taller than my brother, or was he taller than me? and oh dear, would there be enough scones?

'It's all right, B,' I answered. 'We don't put them away now quite so quickly as we used.'

Then as she was making the tea I looked at the horn where it hung between those two hideous pictures in those two equally hideous frames. And just out of curiosity I took it down and fingered it. And I saw that the mouthpiece was wet.

Then I turned to her.

'I see you've still got the old horn, B.'

She looked up.

'Yes. It's always hanging there.'

'And you never blow it now?'

She glanced at me. Then she smiled rather shamefacedly.

'No. At least——' she began. 'Well, I suppose we all do silly things when we get old. You see I was feeling a little bit lonely as I was sitting waiting for the kettle to boil, and I was wondering what had happened to you all. And then I took the horn down and I looked at it, just to remind me of old times; and then, I don't know why, I just had to blow it. . . . Oh, my dears, I am so glad to see you again!'

NEW RURAL RIDES: EAST AND WEST RIDINGS.

It was the north-west wind that took me northwards for another ride. Though the divinest of winds it is the most inconstant, and seldom blesses us for more than a day or two at a time. But I hoped by help of a night train to catch it still in Yorkshire. On reaching York I met something very different.

Nobody knew or cared whether it had even blown from that quarter the day before. All who were forced out into the grey morning air wore their greatest coats with collars up, and muttered of frosty nights and a wintry wind wherever it blew from. I found it was a keen north-east. Certainly it was bitterly cold at the top of the great Minster tower, where I stood a few hours later when the sky had been broken up by the sun, which was doing its best to assure you that it really was almost the middle of May. But the sun's rays could not dispel the thickness which inevitably attends an east. This more than softened the surrounding landscape which I wished to traverse, and which I had come up to survey before taking the road. The mountains westwards and much of the plain were wholly obliterated, and the nearer wolds in the east loomed only like the outline of a low-lying cloud. So my eyes soon came back to the city.

That at least was here, but as my object had been to snatch a rural ride, why have paused in the old city at all? Those antique byways, hemmed in between their overhanging gables, are apt to prove a seductive maze from which even the prospect of country charms is hardly strong enough to allure you. I had been parrying this reflection from the outset, loath to depart. But, after all, since the purpose of my rides has very little to do with present pursuits, it was not difficult to see old York as a rural centre, focusing so much of the best of our simpler life of the past. The city, besides, was long since raised to the dignity of a county in itself, and had later appropriated the adjoining old wapentake of the Ainsty, so if I was to peep into the face of all the counties as originally intended, why omit this one? Pleasant juggling of this kind had excused my delay even before I saw a kestrel wheeling and hovering over the great tower of the Minster. After watching the bird for some time with astonishment, and seeing it alight upon the top of the masonry, I gave in easily. Surprise was quickly

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lost in the recollection that the bird would no doubt be nesting up there, so what was good enough for a kestrel would do for me. Before actually joining the hawk in its survey of the land I could therefore give myself up wholly for a few hours to the delight of those old 'gates,' walls, and 'bars,' which carry you so pleasantly beyond the fret and uproar of the day.

Yorkshire has long been renowned for its historical and antiquarian zeal. This would astonish nobody. What did surprise me was that any resident in York could attend to practical business at all. Obviously many of them can, for the clash of incompatible interests leads inevitably, here as elsewhere, to disquieting results now and then. Nevertheless, few places in our kingdom can recall so visibly to-day 'the constant service of the antique world.' Many centuries of picturesque life have left such substantial relics that no great exercise of the imagination is needed to get in touch with them. But a lifetime rather than a day could be spent in such pursuit. And after all, to what place in the kingdom does this not apply?

Our parish histories, however, have yet to be written, or at all events the vanishing material for them—architectural, lingual, or documentary—has yet to be gathered and preserved. As I am afraid I have said repeatedly, only each individual parish can do this for itself, and as yet it must be confessed that next to nothing has been done. So far as I am aware, for instance, the Council of only one of our counties has even been enlightened enough to exercise its powers under the Local Government Act of 1894 by an inspection of parish documents. It is about twenty years since Shropshire (or the county of Salop) set us this admirable example. The report was embodied in a goodly volume which supplies a chronological account, with many valuable extracts, of the documents in every parish in the county. How many interesting documents will have been lost or destroyed throughout the kingdom in the last twenty years? Yet no other county out of the forty odd has found energy enough to carry out such an inspection, or at any rate to give us any such report of it.

Although a long digression, it is impossible to resist emphasising here the urgent need of such a course by a quotation from this valuable Shropshire volume showing the fate of many documents when left to the unaided mercies of a Parish Council. A committee of one of the Shropshire parishes reports to its chairman: 'We the undersigned do hereby inform you that we have caused to be removed the cupboard, wherein the parish documents are to

be kept in future, from the Vestry and placed in the lobby of the School, it having been repaired with new locks etc. at the cost of 7/6 as per bill. We have thoroughly examined the papers contained therein and find for the most part that they are utterly valueless, being': [then follows a long list of Assessment and Rate Books, Indentures of Apprentices, Relief Lists, etc. etc., between the dates of 1811 and 1870]; 'these we have destroyed.' This complacently precious document is not actually, signed by Dogberry and Verges, or even by Mr. Bumble, but it at least makes plain to us that, in spite of fifty years' compulsory education, the race of these parish officers is still very far from extinct. One wonders by what eccentric freak of intelligence some old maps seemed worthy of being spared, for it must be confessed that this significant report concludes with the words, 'We also find that there are several maps of part of the parish . . . these we have replaced in the cupboard.'

It is obvious, therefore, that although each parish ought to compile its own history, some guidance is necessary as to the sources and comparative value of their material. Even the crumbling old stocks or whipping post, the rarer maypole, or the church coffer itself can be easily found as valueless as parish documents, and even more of an encumbrance, since these cannot be stowed away out of sight in a cupboard. It is quite idle to suppose that our education is bringing any improvement in this direction even yet. There can be no sort of doubt, indeed, that our tendency is altogether the other way. It is not enough to say merely that there is diminishing respect or affection for the past. There arises a very positive antipathy to it and all its works. An arrogance of hustling self-conceit has bred a scorn of the simplicity and repose which hallow the things of yesterday; or, where a less active sense of hostility, at best a smile of superior pity for a world that could accept with reverence the solemn mysteries of a universe unsolved by the properties of oil and electricity.

At last I escaped from York, leaving by the Walmgate Bar, and sped eastwards along the wide smooth road founded originally for us by the Romans. After grumbling at parish authorities it is a pleasure to note that on this fine highway the ancient milestones are still allowed to give you a genial nod. They were made to serve the purpose also of mounting stones when the joy of travel was in the saddle. They are solid blocks, smoothed for lettering in front, with a deep and well-cut step (on occasion two) at one side. The wind, though against me, was light, and, tempered by

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the sun, now breathed nothing but an exhilarating freshness. It is true the scenery of the East Riding is not romantic, and these level fields around York lack even the modest attractions which cannot be denied to several parts of the wolds. This range of little hills forms the backbone of the East Riding, dropping abruptly on the west to the vale of York, and sloping easily eastwards to the level lands of Holderness with their wide sands and crumbling clay banks by the sea. Had I been merely in search of the picturesque I should no doubt have crossed these wolds north-eastwards to Flamborough Head. That way lay numberless prehistoric relics of the Stone and Bronze Ages, charming old-world villages, and not least the dainty flowers that love the limestone. But I had a special purpose in following the plainer road. I had never seen Goodmanham.

It is not to be supposed that many of us read the Venerable Bede in these days. But probably some remember from school days the dramatic story of Coifi, the high-priest of Woden, defying with lance and war-horse his ancient gods when convinced by the Christian persuasion of Paulinus. This is where it happened, and the whole landscape of this East Riding could not afford a more momentous incident. Something more than mere romance can of course gather about the figure of that heroic old pagan. But even if we ask for no more than picturesque story, there is not a parish in the land that could fail to supply this in abundance to its inhabitants. It adds charm to the plainest scenery, and although long convinced of its local educational value, no less than of its general neglect, I must say that it astonished me in this neighbourhood to see that even a newspaper could deem it a subject likely to attract the public. Instead of murder and divorce, a poster boldly proclaimed the words: 'YORKSHIRE VILLAGES, their STORY and PICTURES.' And I am glad to think that, even commercially, it was a wise appeal, at all events in that north country.

Newspapers by no means infallibly represent 'what the public requires.' The public has too often to take what it is given. This is flagrantly so in the case of what is by courtesy called 'The Parish Magazine.' Think of what we have, and then think of what such a production in any really educated country might and ought to be. It would both fascinate and direct the country folk by blending in the simplest way the practical, imaginative, and recreational aspects of their open-air life, thus laying a rational foundation for a permanent love of home. There can be little doubt that such a production would please a large proportion of townfolk also. Not

only would it bring into their bondage a real breath of country life, but would enable them to get so much more out of their picnics in the fields.

As I went on my way the white roads gradually appeared, lying like ribbons down the green slope of the wolds. There amidst the fine trees lay Goodmanham and Londesborough up above the little town of Market Weighton. Villages, too, and farmhouses with their red pantiles and old brick or whitewashed walls lie scattered amongst these level green fields in front, over which the peewits were crying and tumbling, and from which I joyfully caught the notes of my first corncrake. Sad to say, this is one of our vanishing birds, and farther south we have all but lost a voice almost as essential to the spring and summer air as that of the cuckoo itself. Why he is retiring so exclusively to the north I do not know, for, according to old inhabitants, the mowing and haymaking that is supposed elsewhere to destroy so many is as a rule later, not earlier, than it used to be, so one would have thought that the broods might be mature enough most years to escape danger as they must for generations have done. An old man I talked with about the bird called it throughout 'the corn-drake,' a name I had long since heard elsewhere in Yorkshire, so not yet quite dead.

This was by the bridge over the Derwent, where I had been watching some sand martins whilst considering whether I should turn aside for a mile or two to the battlefield of Stamford Brig. It was the ringing cry of a redshank on in front that made me decide against it. That note was irresistible. I could hear it all the way to the next village of Wilberfoss. Here a finger-post pointed along a byway to another village called Fangfoss. Good Norse names these, surely. The little stream they lie on is called the Foss Beck, though the bits I saw of it were peaceable enough. But a stream of any kind adds charm to a village—at least would do so if the inhabitants could refrain from throwing refuse into it. It is an extraordinary thing that many housewives whose cottage inside is a pattern of order and cleanliness, will without scruple cast old boots, kettles, pots and pans into the ditch or stream outside their door. The problem is admittedly a difficult one in country places, but it is one which local authorities will have to cope with in a systematic manner. For it is by no means the private individual who is alone to blame. There is scarcely a village without its horrible parish 'dump,' desecrating some beautiful old quarry, coppice, or even green lane end.

These, however, were not the problems that agitated old Coifi,

the high-priest, in 626, as he sped from that great Council at York with his attendants along the track of the old Roman road here to his temple at Goodmanham. 'That place where the idols formerly were,' says Bede, 'is still shown not far from York, to the eastward beyond the river Derwent, and is now called Godmunddingaham.' Full as the centuries are of moving incident in the growth of this land of ours, none can surpass in romantic interest those which saw the rise and fall of the kingdom of Northumbria. And which of them have found so glorious a chronicler as the beloved old scholar, the Venerable Bede? His life and work alone would be enough to consecrate a whole territory, were it not that the incidents he records supply us with so many heroes to share the glory with him. We surely need not go to Marathon to add force to our patriotism, nor even so far as the ruins of Iona to cause our piety to grow warmer. Iona, it is true, will mingle much with our thoughts of this old kingdom of Northumbria, for it was from there that much of its light directly came, but to-day it was one of those 'strangers from Rome,' the picturesque Paulinus, who claimed attention.

It was his eloquence that had moved the conclave to which King Edwin of Deira had summoned his counsellors to consider the new religion. All had evidently long been prepared for some new inspiration. Coifi admits that 'already for a long time I had seen that what we worshipped was naught, for the more earnestly I sought the truth in that worship the less I found it,' not failing, however, to add the inevitable material argument, 'that no one had devoted himself more zealously to the worship of our gods than I, yet others have far outstripped me in prosperity. If the gods had any power they would surely rather have assisted me who have taken more care to serve them.' But we must not forget the poetically minded old noble who rose to more imaginative heights. 'So seems the life of man, O king,' exclaimed he, 'as the sparrow's flight through the hall when you are sitting at meat in winter-tide, with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the icy rainstorm without. The sparrow flies in at one door, and tarries for a moment in the light and warmth, then flying forth from the other vanishes into the wintry darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight, but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this new teaching tells us aught certainly of these, let us follow it.' The meeting ended in enthusiasm, and Coifi, demanding arms and a war-horse, both unlawful for the pagan priest, rode away beyond the Derwent to the temple on the green wold there before me, hurled his lance

against it, and commanded his attendants to burn down the place with all its enclosures. Not unnaturally the common people thought that he was mad.

Whatever sanctuary was erected in place of it would no doubt be of wood, and was in its turn demolished in the wild ravages of the Danes, a century or two later. But although yet another couple of centuries had to elapse before the present ancient and interesting church was founded, it is thought at least to stand upon the very spot which Coifi's temple had occupied.

Leaving the Roman highway at Market Weighton, I turned northwards, and in about a mile of sharply ascending road reached the village. So full of the old world had I become that it was with a burst of laughter I met on the way a horse dray bearing the name of a rural 'coal merchant, Goodmanham.' A coal merchant at Godmunddingaham! There were other disillusionments on mounting to the church, and I could not help recalling the newspaper poster I had seen an hour or two earlier. We are really not worthy of these precious historical shrines which dignify our country. Not parochial officers merely, but even our national authorities can desecrate a Stonehenge with all the atrocities of military squalor, so what hope for little Goodmanham? Yet one would have thought that, in some respects, even this is one of the most interesting spots in Yorkshire: a county, as I have said, by no means unmindful of its history. But here on traversing a long rugged footpath, overgrown with vigorous blossoming dandelions, amidst a wilderness of rank, weedy grass, which constitutes the graveyard, I found a neglected little church locked up against all comers, instead of inviting at least to reverent inspection, if beyond all hope of devotion. It was not surprising afterwards, on inquiring separately of a girl and then of a boy above school age, to find that there was total ignorance of the fine old story that had gathered about their home. This kind of thing is constantly checking one's delight in the beauty and the treasures of our landscape. The worst of it is that such widespread evidence only goes to prove that imagination in its simplest and highest sense is all but dead. No present form of our education seems to foster it in the least. It may be said that in any general sense it was never alive. But there is much to disprove this. There is, in fact, everything to disprove it. Those ignorant boors of pre-industrial generations must have been 'of imagination all compact.' But happily they knew nothing of it. Now, in order to know all about it and to get all the gold at once, we have killed the goose.

It is, however, well to see the prominence which is now at last being given in several quarters to the need of rescuing our landscape from the hands of the spoiler, but it cannot be too strongly emphasised that any steps to be really effectual must begin at the bottom. Landowners, county councils, and societies of the elect cannot do much to protect what we can only call the spirit of the English landscape. The very best of museums is not worth one of the simplest rural parishes of our land which has grown up from a people's soul. Glory in our 'modern conveniences' as we will; decry all the stupid antique inconveniences as we must; the result remains that the simplest human instinct working with, rather than confessedly against, nature, attained such a marvellous sense of taste—that is, of beauty and harmony—as to defy us to determine which is the work of nature or of man.

‘For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.’

So I found a bit of the inevitable disappointment at Goodmanham. Although I by no means regretted having made that my particular East Riding pilgrimage, the place had by the visit undoubtedly become for me ‘another Yarrow.’ For one thing I could get nearer home than the time of Coifi and Bede. The village itself could not fail to prompt points of later interest. But I must only mention one thing which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere. As a rule a windmill is a separate structure, detached from the dwelling-house itself. I had on my way seen one or two, dismantled of head and wings, standing like a squat little sugarloaf against the sky-line, but here at the foot of Goodmanham I found the dismantled cone rising midway from the very roof of the house. Red pantiled roof, matchlessly mellowed by time, and whitewashed walls, projected on each side of the great body of the windmill with a very singular effect. But for a foolish unreadiness to intrude on domestic privacy I should have liked to explore the interior, and see what the actual architectural arrangements had been. Regret at having missed this opportunity remains with me still.

Instead of returning to Market Weighton and so along towards Beverley, I went northwards for a few miles along the edge of the wolds to look at the next village. The cowslips had been showing increased vigour as I advanced, and now they began to assume the proportion of tall ‘pensioners’ to the fairy queen as I got to the rich verdure of Londesborough. The very atmosphere was altered. On this slope, sheltered wholly from the cold wind, a couple of

blackbirds conversed divinely in the sun from an orchard nook of apple blossom. Everything was in dignified repose. This place for many centuries has been a lordly domain, so cannot be called a typical wold village. For these one must go farther up towards the windy chalk uplands, which were formerly wild open sheep-walks ; to Fridaythorpe, or Wetwang, for instance, with its strange Norse name and its great pond or mere in the middle of the village. Londesborough, with its feudal mansion (though unhappily not the original one), its park and majestic trees, so nobly sustaining ancestral dignity, offers a very different suggestion. But still one to which our land owes much of its noblest character. Love of home, after all, truth, courage, and loyalty were at the core even of all that 'pride, cruelty, and ambition of man' which unhappily entered so largely into the feudal life. With these ferocious qualities gone, one can see more clearly the dignified solidity which has created the impressive charm of these permanent great domains. Perhaps nothing about them can embody this spirit more peculiarly than the trees.

All kinds seem to have flourished equally here at Londesborough. Oaks no less than ash, beech, and elm. Indeed there are venerable stumps of oak still living which in their youth the boy Henry Clifford, who was to become Wordsworth's 'shepherd lord,' may have looked upon when here with his mother. For the manor came to the great Westmorland family through this lady's marriage with the Clifford who, in league with the 'she-wolf of France,' slew the young Rutland at Wakefield Green.

'Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears.'

In the church here, amongst so much of interest, there lies a brass inscription on the chancel floor to this very lady Margaret who died in 1493, she having lived long enough to see her hunted son restored in manhood to all his dignities and estates, and prove to his astonished friends the active virtues that a secluded pastoral life may breed.

Unfortunately the prospect did not clear, so even from this higher point the great plain lay dim, and I was to get no glimpse of the farther horizon which I had intended to reach before night. So far as pure landscape is concerned, let us avoid the folly of comparison. If not 'beggar'd and outraged,' every scrap of English scenery has its own characteristic charm. Nevertheless,

one has to admit individual preferences. It was impossible to escape the thrill which arose at the thought of those far-off hills and dales of Craven. They constitute the West Riding for me. All the industrial region I blot out. Yet at one time those wild moors and becks, now defaced and poisoned, must have been as full of romantic charm as any. The West Riding shares with the North the glory of all that boundary line of the Pennines which runs with Westmorland and north Lancashire by the waters of Lune and Ribble. Strong personal associations, it is true, cling for me about those wonderful mountain pastures; still I do not think that the same depth of impression could have sprung from the same personal sources in any other type of scenery. But a wide void lay between, upon which I had time to reflect as I ran down the long lonely road to Burnby and on to Pocklington. It is rare for me to lay down a route beforehand, and, if I do, still rarer to be able to adhere to it. Earlier in the day I had had some thought of working round to York again and spanning by train the gap between there and Craven, but now, as it was still a few hours from sunset, and miles of level road lay before me, I decided to ride on.

As I crossed the Derwent again at Stamford Brig and stopped to look at my map, amongst the village names my eye fell upon was that of Sutton on the Forest. That suggested two fresh thoughts, Laurence Sterne and the Forest of Galtres. Although I knew there were no traces of the forest left, I would at least pass through Sutton, the place of Sterne's first preferment, before he had received the living of Coxwold with which his name is more intimately associated. Not finding much to detain me, and the sun already lowering to a hazy red ball beyond the vale, with scrolls of cloud-spray or feathers tinted in the sky above, I rode on heedful only now of a place of rest before dusk. For it is long since I abandoned the practice of 'lighting up.' Under present conditions it is impossible to use the roads in my way by night. Dangers of the road, though of a different kind, are just as great as they ever were in those old days of the forest, and you cannot command the protection which was formerly afforded to travellers by the old city I had left. This great forest of Galtres (or, as Shakespeare called it, Gaultree) is said to have stretched from York to the river Tees. So in the fifteenth century, persons travelling northwards were usually accompanied through it by armed guides who were stationed at Bootham Bar, York. After sunset, too, a beacon fire was lighted in the lantern tower of All

Saints' Church in the city to guide the traveller on his perilous way. It is only since the year 1670 that the forest has been gradually cleared and the land drained and cultivated. But I believe there are one or two favoured spots to which botanists can still point as representative of the former condition of the district. It may be mentioned that just outside the walls of York, by the bank of the little river Foss, is a part called Layerthorpe, which is thought (though I won't answer for the etymology) to represent the layer or lair of the wild beasts that came from the Forest of Galtres to drink at the ford.

Travellers are by no means always welcomed in these days by country innkeepers, unless you wish only to drink within legal hours. Often enough you are refused the simplest meal, to say nothing of accommodation for the night. All sorts of excuses are made, however ludicrously incompatible with the obvious size and state of the premises. To insist upon your legal rights of entertainment is, of course, madness, for you have no corresponding legal protection against the quality of your fare or the retaliatory prices that will be exacted for it. I am far from wishing to attribute this particular failing to Yorkshire, and merely threw out the thought in a general way when it came. I had met with the very reverse of repulse on my way that day, and, with the twilight holding out so well, saw that I need incur no risk of inviting it. For as I had been threading the lanes south-westwards towards the Ouse I should have time to reach the ferry at Nun Monkton, a place I had tested three or four years before. Just as I hailed the ferryman across the water, an owl, in a far more resonant voice, joined with his wild halloo. I could have had no more propitious welcome to the West Riding, as indeed it fully proved.

This must suffice, for Nun Monkton would require a whole chapter to itself. It is as delightful a village as there is in Yorkshire, and geographically it occupies a peculiar little nook of its own. Pitched at the very point of the angle formed by the junction of the river Nidd with the Ouse, its wide level fields, embraced by the rivers, seem isolated from the rest of the world. There is no bridge within several miles. The village still owns its tall maypole on what is called the Green, but which is virtually a wide level pasture ground crossed by the open road—a green expanse of common with a fine duck-pond and picturesque cottages skirting it far around. In spite of my beloved Craven, here the West Riding might creditably begin, and betimes in the morning I set my face westwards to avoid the risk of further delay.

It is a satisfaction on such expeditions to have the mind at least free from all thought of rain. Though it was a grey morning, the cloud-curtain was high and beautifully fretted. But it was laughable, when I had depended on the east wind behind me to waft me to the hills, to find that the sky was now positively floating from the north-west. It had actually changed for my benefit, but had done it gently without having yet swept the landscape clear. If I was to have the breeze against me after all, it might just as well have given me the compensation of a mountain horizon. The atmosphere, however, was not to clear until late in the afternoon, when I was actually amongst the hills themselves, and even then it had not become what I call a typical north-west. Still, I need hardly say that all toil was amply rewarded by the closing in of crag and moor, backed by the looming heights of Great Whernside and Pen-y-ghent. After passing Knaresborough and Ripley the breeze that came down Nidderdale bore that unmistakable fragrance of the moors of which the east wind robs you even when amidst the hills themselves. The attractions of Nidderdale lie at its head, where the numberless becks from the enclosing mountains toddle down the creases to form a central stream. Tracts of this sort are only to be explored on foot, and as I was encumbered with a machine I had to lose it by leaving the valley at Pateley Bridge, in order to keep to the road which mounts the ridge by Keld Houses into the upper valley of the Wharfe towards Skipton. The highly romantic scenery of this part of Yorkshire is, of course, the result of the various geological formations that are tumbled together, shaping not only the crags and mountain tops differently, but by a corresponding diversity of soil imparting to valley and slope great variety of growth and verdure. The 'grit' gives us those high, wild moors, dear to grouse and curlew; the limestone, precipitous grey scarrs and clefts with broken rugged fronts in which ferns, trees, and flowers nestle as they overhang the greenest of pastures through which the river flows. Lower down, the fine woods of Barden and Bolton fill the defile. It was towards these I was descending, with that same Henry Clifford again in my mind, for he, when restored, lived much at Barden Tower for the sake of studying astronomy (more properly astrology) with the monks of the adjoining priory of Bolton. And he accompanied me over Barden Bridge on to Skipton, where his chief castle was, under the shadow of which I decided to repose for the night after a long and tiring day.

As I rambled through the old town in the falling twilight, I could only mutter with Matthew Arnold, 'How changed is here

each spot man makes or fills ! ' Though I had so frequently passed through Skipton by train, it was many, many years since I had been in the town itself. Never, I believe, since I strode it in youthful walking days with that old friend with whom I first tramped so much of this Craven country. And the change in the interval had been indeed great. So, memories, clashing with this industrial and other development, quickly sent Clifford into banishment again, and myself back to a pipe by the fireside. But even there I could not get rid of that one-word motto of the Cliffords, at which I had just been once more gazing, carved in large open letters of stone as a battlement over the main gateway of the castle which stands at the top of the town by the church : DESORMAIS. I won't say how many years it was since I first read it there, or with what thoughts. But I know I had on that occasion tramped from the Calder valley over the rugged moors through incessant rain to Haworth, slept at Branwell Brontë's *Black Bull*, and on through similar rain to Addingham and Ilkley next day. Haworth parsonage and church, and indeed the village, were then just as the Brontës had left them, and I have never had a wish to revisit those places since. We boys eagerly gleaned several personal reminiscences on that occasion of those girls for whom we had even then imbibed some mysterious and sympathetic reverence. I should be sorry to interfere with the appropriate local impression of that time.

Before leaving Skipton I recalled an odd circumstance I had read of in an old memoir of the naturalist Charles Waterton of Walton Hall, near Wakefield, and cannot refrain from quoting it here in the very words in which it is recorded by Dr. Hobson, as taken by him from a letter from his ' friend Mr. Salvin, who stands so distinguished in the art of hawking.'

' About the time Dr. Whitaker wrote the history of Craven,' it runs, ' he and some of his antiquarian friends opened several ancient graves at Bolton Abbey and other places. At Skipton they peeped into the tomb of Admiral Lord Clifford, and, as I have been told a curious circumstance connected with it, from one present on the occasion, viz. the late Mr. George Walker, of Killingbeck Hall, near Leeds, I think it worthy of record. Mr. W. told me that they found the Earl, who had been embalmed, quite perfect and dressed in the costume of the day, in high crowned hat, plume, and frill, etc., but no sooner was he exposed to the air than the remains began to shake like a jelly, and in a few seconds all gave way, and this extraordinary sight (bringing one back to the days of Elizabeth) collapsed into dust. Mr. W. who was a person of great observation,

and who was a naturalist, a sportsman, and an amateur artist, was very fond at this period of making pedestrian tours through the country, and he informed me that the day after his curious introduction to the Earl, he visited Chatsworth, and, whilst looking through the pictures, he had the pleasure of putting the house-keeper right, for she had got her story wrong about the portraits, and pointed out one which she said was this identical Admiral Lord Clifford. Upon this he said, "I must correct you; (here pointing to another picture) this is the admiral, for I saw him only yesterday, and if necessary I could swear to him."

When I left Skipton in the morning it was market day, with cattle and sheep being driven into the town from all quarters. Yes, in spite of mill chimneys and other changes, this was Craven. As I rode away westwards, the unwall'd green fells rose up around, clear in cloud shadow, contrasting nobly with the meadows and river below shining in the sun. The river Aire, where the road crosses it, had still the purity and simplicity of infancy. Bands of golden kingcups; wild strawberry blossom and white stitchwort by the roadside; dazzling young green of the beeches towering overhead to the blue sky, and the wych elms so gracefully drooping; the ash alone still grey and bare. Though Horton, Ribbleshead, and Gearstones, with their wide moors were far away to the north, this was the full breath of life I had come for. The air had changed totally. It was evident that all nature joined with me in the sensation that life cannot rise higher than this. There was not the aloofness and isolation of the moors. They are after all for the occasional mood. Here, even with the skylarks vociferous at heaven's gate, the prevailing, and the appropriate, notes were in the pious, reflective cheer of the blackbirds, and the tender dying-fall of the willow-wren. There is what the old ballads call an 'o'erword' to their song which goes permanently to the very depths of what man has ever tried to make the foundation of his life—serenity and joy. And do not those leagues of moorland share in this spirit too? I should be the last person in the world to doubt it, for I have basked, fed, revelled, and slept for years at a time on them. But those vast, rugged moors are apt to be too strong meat for our over-civilised daily food. As Emily Brontë, our greatest vocal product of them, sings:

'What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell.
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of heaven and hell.'

The soul shrinks at times from that hint of primeval nakedness, loneliness, and desolation, however glorious. When we crave a real home with what we call nature, it is nature as the developing mind of man has through the millions of years tamed and clothed it. The moors and the sea take us too near that first unfathomable void. The o'erword to their song is bound to be tinged with grief, or at all events sadness, and when they are roused to energy it becomes terrific.

So I once more changed a first intention. This had been to enter Lancashire by way of the Forest of Bolland and the Bleasdale moors. I finally abandoned the thought of these forbidding wastes on crossing the picturesque old Leeds and Liverpool canal, old enough to have grown into the landscape, and walking up the little ascent to the sweet village of East Marton. If natural surroundings can have any spiritual influence at all, surely the handful of children who trudge to that ideal little grey school must grow up with imaginative souls. Even village seems too large a name for such a spot. Hamlet, in all the real significance of that beautiful word, is more appropriate, but I am afraid in our later scale of things might seem derogatory. If I could find any sweeter name it should have it. Its two or three houses, church, and school, all of grey moorland stone amongst the trees, seemed to me to make but one ideal home entered by that high and long stone archway with its rampart of flowers along the top. At this point, too, where the road bends and branches, I came on another delightful old milestone which quite confirmed me. It was of a different type from those on the road at York. Here it was a square upright block with the front scoured smooth and almost white like a cottage hearthstone, bearing the incised words, painted black. 'To Gisburn 5 miles. To Skipton 5 miles.' Gisburn with the old 's'—yes, I would go by way of Gisburn. It was a distinct invitation from that old outlaw Guy whose name had been familiar to me from boyhood through the Percy ballad of 'Robin Hood and Guy of Gisburne.' And I had gone little more than a mile before I heard my first curlew, which came flying away from the Ribble. So I was not even to lose that.

ALGERNON GISSING.

QUEEN MARY OF SCOTLAND

(On the roof of her prison in the Lodge of Sheffield Manor).

I'm for the roof : this chamber stifles me !
 Its narrow walls contract and shut me in
 Like that dark room in Holyrood when I supp'd
 With—— Nay, I will not think of *that*—not here !
 My ladies, lead the way—I weary of books,
 And even my lute is tuneless : on our frames
 The silken blossoms fade, unsunn'd too long
 In this my prison cell. Yon Talbot hounds
 Painted and carved on wall and roof, even crouched
 They watch from o'er the hearth ; yea, stain and bar
 The daylight from my lattice. . . . Quicker, friends !
 I choke ! Your pardon ! I forget these ways
 Are narrow for a royal progress, doors
 Scant for the sweep of a Queen's train, the spread
 Of her silken farthingale ! Yet I pass, I pass,
 For my three kingdoms grudge me my poor dole.
 I dress as fortune, not my state, demands.
 But fortune cannot touch my right Divine
 O'er my three realms. To rule, Mary the Queen !

Slower ! These stairs are steep ! Your young arm, girl !
 Nay, 'tis too weak, as now mine own. Thine—Bastian !
 'Twas still my wont, ever to lean on man,
 Proved broken reed too oft ! This wheeling stair
 Is steep ; or else my gaolèd feet that once
 Moved lightly through the Louvre's stately halls,
 And even danced in blood-stain'd Holyrood,
 Grow heavy like my heart. Have they not worn
 A groove already in the stone ? Poor feet,
 That stumble ! Yet the frugal English lords
 Deny the Roman baths that ease my pains.
 The roof at last ! The narrow leads that roof
 My dwelling. Oh, a lordly prison house !

Give me my Book of Hours, and leave me here
Alone ; to breathe, and see a sky unsoiled
By blazoned dogs ; to dream, for thought flies free,
Those woods my royal chase—those purple moors
My native heath—that I am still the Queen
Of Scotland, thron'd and sceptred ; Mary the Queen !

Go, friends ! *You* still obey me—so far ; tho'
Yon rude guards nearer press lest I escape :
Where . . . ? Take one step on air ? How many heads
Would sleep and plot the safer ! Nay, true friends,
Fear not. But go ; my mood is ill to-day,
Lacks the calm pride that makes the great despise
The stings of blindfold Fortune. . . . Ay, they go !
How willingly they go ; to watch the play
Of Shrewsbury's gentlemen on tourney ground !
Ah me, I do not blame them ! Even my guards
Glance aside when a favourite gallant tilts.
One step now . . . ? Nay, that were escape unmeet
A Stewart, Queen, and Catholic. I will meet
What end awaits me like a Queen. What end ?
Must even a prisoner's dreams enslave his soul ?
I dread the black-mask'd phantom, crimson clad,
Who kneels craving my pardon—for what crime ?
Is *that* the end, in a dark hall full lightened
With gloating eyes, of Scotland's hapless Queen ?

Last night . . . Again I shudder and awake—
I will be strong, nor yield to vain regrets
And weaker fears. This air blows pure and soft
From the south and bright France to the dark north ;
Fleeing from happy past to a stern future,
Even like my thoughts. These sad thoughts, rebels all
And traitors like my subjects and my lords !
Why did they hate me ? Me, who live on love
As bees on blossom ? Was I light and gay ?
They—*they* had sent me, helpless infant, from
My grim land to the frivolous French Court—
Where love, dance, song, wooed my fain, eager ear !
—Am I to blame that rude ways wearied me ?
That even my generous hand quenched not their greed,

My gentleness their fiery feuds ? My Faith
Accept their new harsh Creed ? Those hypocrites
Who prated of Reform but inly craved
To snatch the Church lands, and the Crown's, and me
Even from my rightful Throne—Mary their Queen !

I was too kind ; deceived by those I trusted ;
My brother first, maugre his baser blood.
They needed the mailed hand ; and so I sought
A man : in vain, as I have ever sought !
Did they not give my spring to the sickly youth
Who could not grip at life for France—for me ?
Chose they the Bearnais now ! my throne, my life,
Perchance my heart, my soul, had rested safe !
I myself gave my summer to that worm,
Poor painted thing, that yet hath gnawed the Rose
Of Scotland : Darnley, he, *my* husband, he
Whom I had given too much : still he asked more :
Would sit—my equal—on my father's throne
As King, not Consort ! He must reign with me !
All brainless vain ambition, peevish pride,
And damp clay in the hands of dangerous men.
Yielding him power, how long had Mary lived,
Hated wife, thwarting Consort ? *He* serve me !
Nay, but I rule alone, Mary the Queen !

Ever they failed me—men. For all their vows
Of love and loyalty, in life, in death
They ever brought me ill : and I was blam'd.
I was their Star of Bale, their Fatal Flame,
The Wrecker's Light shining o'er treacherous seas,
Luring them to their doom. I lured them not !
Their own greeds, lusts, ambitions made them fall,
Shaking my throne in falling. I to blame ?
They fawn'd about my feet, kiss'd the kind hand
That careless cast them punishment or boon
Even as to hounds. They *were* my hounds to pluck
Me down a stag o' ten, or fetch my glove,
Or guard my door even to the death. They died ?
Well, 'twas their duty to their Queen, their devoirs
As gallant gentlemen to Lady wrong'd.

I say that they chose willingly to die,
 And worthily : upholding me, my Right,
 My will, my pleasure, Queen in kingdoms three,
 France, Scotland, England, *mine*. Mary the Queen !

False to my friends ? Queens have no friends ; and ruined,
 No servants. I had never one true friend :
 Lovers, knights-errant, proud of chivalry,
 Ambitious men, who think to rise by me,
 All these I have and use. Who dares to blame ?
 If they bring trouble to my enemies
 Or ruin to themselves, they use my cause
 For their own purposes. Do prisoners shrink
 From tools that break their chains ? But still they failed ;
 And tighter grew my bonds. Do I reproach
 Their failure, or my conscience ? Still I wish
 Success to every plot ; 'tis natural. She,
 Elizabeth, sits perk'd up on my Throne,
 Raised for no Boleyn's bastard ! Henry's child ?
 'Tis like : but his Queen lived ! This heretick shrew
 Hated by Holy Church, scorn'd by proud Spain,
 Courted by fickle France, brute England's choice :
 Yet would she give her kingdom for my throne
 In the hearts of *men* : *There* reigns still—Mary the Queen !

That is my fatal heritage ; more dire
 Than Scotland's Throne, or Stewart's fated line,
 Poor Beauty ! prize and prey of selfish love,
 Ever pursued by envious jealousy :
 Even here, where Shrewsbury's plotting countess rules :
 Feigned friendship first ; would share my confidence,
 She ! Known betrayer, whose fork'd tongue still stings
 Me to my foe—Elizabeth to me.
 She's dangerous, Bess ; and has her namesake's ear.
 And still she adds some sharp link to my chain
 Or filches some poor pleasure ; that were little !
 But I have cruel foes ; my Highland blood
Feels the doom gathering. I have been betrayed.
 Howard staked high and lost. This Babington—
 Oh I were wise to give up his wild plots !

But when was prisoner wise ? What can they more
To harm ? They dare not take my life, a Queen's.
France would protest, and even Scotland arm
To save from such a fate Mary their Queen !

They will not murder ; try—condemn ? Too monstrous !
Tudors might dare . . . Elizabeth is not
Ruthless as were her sister and her sire
With small regard for Queens :—Boleyn, or Howard,
Or meek Queen Jane. Elizabeth spares women.
Harsh to young love, she spares young life : Jane's sisters :
But me she might not spare ! No, for she fears,
Even as she hates, her rival, in all ways
Surpassing her—and with my son her heir !
Her royal justice, I can grant her that,
Will not deny our claim ; she hates me—but
We share the blood of many mighty Kings.
Yet evil counsellors besiege her ear,
Swear 'tis her life or mine ; knowing their own
Short, should my cause succeed. I must be free
At any cost. Some doom draws near to me,
Some gathered vengeance from the Powers Unseen,
Threatens me ; now in Chastelar's voice—now Norfolk's—
Then—*his*, branding as murderess—Mary the Queen !

False ! false ! my womanish folly spared *his* life.
Mine was the Sword of Justice : may a Prince
Go free who murders in his sovereign's sight ?
He set mailed arms about this body that bore
His unborn child ; to hold me from the rescue
Of my poor loyal servant ! I must *see*
His blood ! *Hear* his last moan ! Endure the threat
Of murderous swords ! So Darnley's son was born
Worthy his sire ! No touch of Stewart or Guise
In that ungainly body, coward heart,
And hypocritical soul. No son of mine ;
Who still usurps my throne, desires my death.
Was not mine anger just ? Must Rizzio's blood
Cry vainly from my halls ? Darnley go free,
Proved traitor to my Throne and to my bed ?

Did he not merit justice ? Greater men
For lesser crimes have met the unblam'd wrath
Of outraged monarchs. Had not I the right
To foil a traitor to me, Mary his Queen ?

Had I struck *then* ! His son's birth brought him power.
My woman's weakness held me, Mary ! Mother !
And in mine hour of weakness Bothwell came—
Bothwell who feign'd a flame woke flame in me,
That blaz'd fierce as a meteor and so sank,
Leaving my whole world dark. He swore my wrongs
As Queen and woman burn'd within his breast
Until aveng'd ! And my pride asked no less.
My heart, a Queen's, was all aflame for justice,
And freedom from a yoke intolerable ;
But not his death—the father of my babe ;
Not murder ; tho' I knew the doom deserved !
Then he fell sick ! Would he had died, or I.
But he lived on. 'Tis true I knew of plots :
Not *that*, not murder ; life-imprisonment,
If he recovered, in some Highland tower,
Or darker Hermitage. 'Twas merciful
To a traitor. Never smote I save to guard
My liberty, life, throne, Mary the Queen.

All blame. I have blamed myself ; with mind distraught,
With scorn of such a husband, and my love
For him I deem'd my champion, strong to save.
And yet I went—I know not why I went
To that sick man : I know not what I meant—
To warn, I think, but never, sure, to give
Such foul Delilah kisses as my foes
Feign I gave that doom'd wretch. 'Tis false ! false ! false !
My woman's heart or conscience urged me
To give him one last chance. But as strength grew
His weak repentance withered. All his soul
Was spotted sick and loathsome like his flesh.
I fled all desperate thence. That night—that night—
Whilst I danced, dreading thought, at Bastian's bridal—
Judge now, could any woman dance and know ?—
That night the darkness flam'd ! A deed was done—

Not mine ! I sign'd no warrant, gave no consent.
Did I forbid ? Scarce know I what I did,
 Crazed by hate, love, and fear : Mary the Queen !

Why do I wring my hands ? My hands are clean
 Of blood : I see them red ! To-night come dreams !
A moi, my guards ! My Maries, we ride far . . .
 My guards ! Why, how these ox-slow English eyes
 Stare ; and my poor friends weep ! I am not mad,
 Not mad, but sick at heart. Help me below.
 I'll to my oratory, I have need of prayer.

O Mary, Mother of Mercy, spread thy veil
 Of charity between God's searching eyes
 And this soil'd soul ! Confess ? Scarce know I what
 I sanctioned, what forbade not. *Ora pro me !*
 And I will build a fane to thy dear name
 Richer than West Minster, or the proud Rheims,
 So thou wilt raise me up, and set the crown
 Again upon my head. Set me but *free* !
 My prayers are wingless, clogg'd with vain desires,
 And memories I'd forget. Does Heaven forget ?
 All, all forget a captive save the Three
 Who follow on wool-shod feet, and wield the sword
 Of vengeance and the lash of vain remorse.
 Turn not from thy lost daughter Mary—Mother !
 Pray for my sinful soul ! Plead the just cause
 Of England's prisoner and Queen : Poor Mary,
 Mary the sinner ! O, I will atone :
 Bring back the Ancient Faith, restore thy shrines—
 When I am Queen again—Mary the Queen !

CLARA TURNBULL.

IN MEMORIAM: STANLEY JOHN WEYMAN.

DEATH has robbed the CORNHILL of one of its oldest friends and most constant supporters. Stanley Weyman's last story, the romance of '*The Lively Peggy*,' is still appearing in these pages. His first contribution, '*The Deanery Ball*,' appeared in 1883, and that is forty-five years ago. In that period the CORNHILL received from his pen eight serials and twenty other contributions, short stories for the most part, but including three memorial sketches of literary friends and fellow-contributors, and two historical studies from the Court life of the past, vivid and dramatic enough to be taken for the substance of a novel.

This is a notable record—in length of literary contact excelled only by the fifty-seven years that link, though with longer breaks, the first and last contributions from Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Happy, too, in the fact that the years brought no faltering to his pen, no weakening of his constructive imagination, his firm historical sense—happy, indeed, beyond expectation, for it was this very fear of waning freshness which bade him resolutely lay down his pen soon after he had passed his fiftieth year. Other novelists, and great ones, in their age, either not realising that imagination and force were dwindling, or continuing to write under the stress of circumstances, had given the world work unworthy of their prime. Weyman, with balanced judgment severely self-critical, dared not hope to escape the ebb of natural power. With twenty volumes to his credit, and a steady tide of success maintained at its flood for his latest novels, '*Chippinge*' and '*The Wild Geese*,' he chose to lay aside his magic wand lest its spells should grow feebler—and to leave the field to the younger generation.

For occupation he turned to the practical affairs of his town and county, where his early training as a barrister was useful on the bench. And he steadily continued the historical studies which had been the inspiration of '*Chippinge*.' But ten years later, during the stress and long anxiety of the Great War, the need to write came upon him once more. Not only did his active mind find solace in writing, but he came to it again with an almost youthful freshness from the long rest superadded to his practised skill. '*Chippinge*,' he averred, had been written in a kind of St. Martin's

summer of energy and enthusiasm for a novel theme. Surely it was a yet more brilliant Indian summer that now came to him a decade later. And his subject was one that the historian in him had more and more made his own—the history of the social revolution which transformed England and English life in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. ‘The Great House’ and even more perfectly ‘Ovington’s Bank,’ both of which appeared in these pages (1918 and 1922), interwove with a master hand the personal history of their characters with the rush of the social and political forces that displaced the landowner by the manufacturer, the coach by the railway, the feudal tie and the close borough by city influence and Reform politics.

He had touched the theme of the English transformation already in ‘The Castle Inn’ and ‘Chippinge,’ both CORNHILL serials and both standing high as works of his especial English art; but nothing that he had written in his younger days really surpassed, either in knowledge of the period, in skilful construction and careful writing, or in vigour of depicting moving scenes, these books which were published, the one when he was sixty-three, the other when sixty-seven.

The baker’s dozen of short stories which appeared in the CORNHILL between 1883 and 1893 are mainly episodes from English life, definite in construction, and told straightforwardly with touches of both humour and sympathy, but with no artful enhancements of style in choice of words or turn of phrase. His was not the R. L. S. manner. His literary attachment was rather to Trollope, whose work he greatly admired, and it is of curious interest to note that many of his stories deal with the parsonage or the deanery, and the contrasts springing from the impact of worldly or irregular events upon the presumably even tenor of clerical life.

But he did not make a popular hit till he wrote ‘The House of the Wolf’ in 1889, turning to the romantic and adventurous days of Henry of Navarre. To this ‘modest essay in historical romance’ he turned, firstly, because of the failure of a story of modern life, written in imitation of his favourite, Anthony Trollope. This was a story which James Payn, then editor of the CORNHILL, had encouraged him to write. It may be identified as ‘The New Rector,’ a CORNHILL serial of 1891. Secondly, because the romance of adventure was popular, but at that time not often cast into the historical mould like Stevenson’s ‘Black Arrow’ and Conan Doyle’s ‘White Company.’ And in the third place, chief of all, was the

vivid interest stirred by a casual reading of White's 'History of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.' Further, out of an intimate reading of 'Sully's Memoirs' and travel in the Béarn country proceeded his larger effort, 'A Gentleman of France.' This won the instant appreciation of Robert Louis Stevenson, out in Samoa, himself a lover of the Dumas vein, and a firm believer in the healing virtues of a good story to drive away cares and wearinesses—a true medicine of the mind.

From the same quarry were built quarry romances, such as 'Under the Red Robe' and 'Memoirs of a Minister of France.' The religious wars between Savoy and Geneva gave 'The Long Night.' Macaulay's portrait of William III gave the impulse to 'Shrewsbury.'

Although Weyman first won popular favour as a writer of historical novels set in a foreign scene, the fullest appreciation of him sets him down also as in the strongest part of his real self a faithful son and lover of his own country. He had taken the history school at Oxford: behind his general knowledge and truth to essential fact under romantic forms lay a living affection for the England he lived in and a sympathetic readiness to seek out and comprehend the modes of growth which had brought its life to be what it was. He had read so deeply that the little details of everyday life at the time were at his fingers' ends. I remember a printer's reader querying on his proof the statement that a farm hand in 1825 or so had stopped work to read a 2*d.* pamphlet on some social abuse. Weyman's own note on the margin was that he referred to one of Cobbett's pamphlets, which, at the price of 2*d.*, were eagerly read all over the country.

If Macaulay inspired him with the admiration for the character of William III, which is the strongest thread in 'Shrewsbury,' and the Letters of Horace Walpole gave shape to the eighteenth-century stories of 'The Castle Inn' and 'Sophia,' it was the diaries of the nineteenth century—Croker's, Creevey's, Greville's—and biographies such as those of Peel and Russell and Brougham, lending colour and incident to the formal histories of the period, which, as he tells us, gave him a fresh revelation of the surging hopes and fears of that time of vital upheaval, and something of this revelation he passed on to appreciative readers in 'Chippinge,' and later again, still more completely, in its successors.

It is real history that forms the essential background of his romances. To read of the adventures and the trials of his

characters is not only to feel with their strained loyalties and struggling ideals, but to gain, insensibly, some insight into the realities of the time. Above all, this is true of the England which he depicts at the parting of the ways.

He speaks himself of the writers of romance as being of those 'who never grow up' as those grow up who drop the make-believe of childhood—with its surest pastime in games of the imagination—and turn to active games of skill as a preparation for the rough and tumble of life. In this world of make-believe—this world of the imagination—the makers of romance continue to live, sensitive beyond the ordinary to the associations of places and the great personalities of the past; and some set down on paper the things they imagine.

In this life of the imagination, an imagination realistic and not merely fantastic, healthy and never morbid, he assuredly shared, and it did not desert him with the years. His pen was not driven by Puck or even Ariel, but by a less wayward sprite, open-eyed to see and recall the men and things of long ago, as they veritably passed through the world. Withal, seeing every work of fiction as an experiment, he was ever ready to make new experiments, trying to better his choice of subject, his method of treatment, for each mode of art has its own advantages and its own limitations. We see stories told in the first person, and by a narrator not by any means heroic, giving way to stories told in the third person. The particular and personal selection of episodes in the former is replaced by a broader touch in the latter. The modern English scene of the short stories is replaced by sixteenth-century France; France again replaced by the England of a century ago or more. And his constant search for the better continued into the details of proof corrections, amending words, making phrases crisper, boldly deleting a mannerism, and even gladly accepting suggestions or corrections of oversights.

Stanley Weyman will be long remembered as a writer for the gallantry of his best romantic tales and the visions of the life-forces which animate the finest of his English stories. These stories will live, for they are swift and stirring, their substance rich and true, their atmosphere healthy, the historical characters strongly drawn from authentic sources, even if he has not, like Scott, given us a whole gallery of national types and pawky humours. Romance is but rarely wedded to such sincerity of purpose and sanity of outlook.

LEONARD HUXLEY.

THE TRAGEDY OF TOIL.

BY W. F. WATSON.

It is not altogether surprising that, contemporary with this present period of mechanised mass production, there should be much discussion about the 'joy of work.' The modern industrial tendency to substitute 'machinofacture' for craftsmanship on all kinds of work—simplifying operations and standardising parts—must of necessity result in the elimination of all that is beautiful in work. Less skill being required, the necessity for mental effort diminishes, work becomes monotonous, interest in the job dies, the operator becomes an automaton like the machine he minds, and work becomes toil. Toil may be aptly described as work without a soul.

All this has been said so often that it has become a hackneyed platitude: the apology for repeating it is that one cannot too often reiterate such a profound truth.

The cumulative effect of the soul-destroying monotony of making countless numbers of certain parts by automatic movements—or of doing the same job continuously with no variation—is that toil becomes a tragedy, and workpeople have little incentive to give of their best; consequently we find publicists of all shades of thought expressing opinions and offering advice on the best way to make work a joy, the primary motive being to stimulate production.

Now, to one who has spent a lifetime in the workshop, the differently expressed opinions and the proffered advice are very intriguing: they are so naïve, the arguments so artless, and the statements so ingenuous. I recall a statement made by Lord Balfour at a dinner held by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, an organisation which came into being for the specific purpose of applying the science of psychology to industry, with the object of minimising the monotony of the factory and increasing output. (One would naturally expect at least a sprinkling of workmen to be present at a gathering organised to discuss their welfare, but, curiously enough, none were in attendance.)

Amongst other things, Lord Balfour said, 'Was it not true that labour of every kind was imperfectly applied if the workman, be he a man of science, or a poet, or a writer, were not interested in his work?' Of course it's true, but why did the noble lord confine his similes to the arts and professions? Why did he not extend

them to the workers and say 'be he railwayman, or miner, or dust-man, or engineer, or scavenger'? Would it be doing Lord Balfour an injustice to suggest that he dared not venture 'where angels fear to tread'? And that his exalted position prevents him from possessing intimate knowledge of the labour of the working classes?

Again, Mr. H. E. O'Toole, in his intensely interesting article, 'A Thing Which is Happening' (CORNHILL, January 1928), said: 'Men should derive personal satisfaction from their work. They do, as a matter of fact, derive personal satisfaction from all sorts of work: I find it hard to imagine how a man can delight in the solution of mathematical problems, but there are undoubtedly men who so delight.' Why, in the name of wonder, did not Mr. O'Toole say he found it difficult to imagine how a man can delight in, say, cleansing a sewer, or sweeping a chimney, or stoking a boiler, or picking a road, or operating one of those fiendish, ear-splitting devices, a pneumatic chisel? Is it because Mr. O'Toole is by no means certain that 'there are undoubtedly men who so delight'? I fear so!

And so it is with most of the well-intentioned people who essay to speak and write on the fascinating topic of the 'joy of work.' The articles are beautifully written, no doubt, and the speeches couched in the best of English, but all are so far, far from the heart of the problem, and the conception of work appears to be limited to the arts and professions. When, however, they *do* get down to industrial work, they appear to think it possible to stimulate interest and pleasure in work by eliminating a few unnecessary movements, and by introducing rhythm—by means of metronomes and the like—into the necessary movements. It is not possible to change the psychology of the worker by applying psychology to industry. Changing movements and introducing rhythm may make the worker temporarily more productive, but they will stimulate neither interest nor pleasure. The psychology of the worker is determined by the nature of his employment—the way in which he gets his living—and all the trials, troubles, and dangers attendant upon his employment.

It is quite easy to understand men of science, art, literature, and music—even mathematicians—taking delight in their work. With few exceptions, they had all the advantages of a good home, happy boyhood and youth, and of a first-class education. They were not promiscuously pitchforked into a pursuit for which they were quite unsuited at the immature age of fourteen! Fitness, natural gifts,

and inclination determined their calling. It is true that very many of our scientists and *littérateurs* have regular jobs holding them to regular periods of work, but they do not have to submit to irksome rules and regulations such as obtain in the average workshop or office, and the work is more congenial, although even science and literature must tend to become monotonous under such conditions. On the other hand, there are many artists, authors, composers, poets and playwrights who have no such fixed periods of work, who work only when they want to and idle when they don't. Should they feel run down or out of sorts, they just go away for a month or so—maybe for a cruise in the Mediterranean, or to the Riviera, or to sunny Italy, Africa, or Egypt—and come back to their work with renewed strength and joy. They do not work to instructions, except in the case of portrait painters executing a commission. Even then the instructions end with the acceptance of the commission. They do only the work they want to do, and the product is invariably their own personal property. Each piece of work done by the artist, sculptor, playwright, poet, is the creation of his own genius and imagination—it is part of himself. He is able to say with justifiable pride, I have created this from the thread of desire wound on the shuttle of imagination and genius ; it is mine to dispose of or keep—it is part of my soul ! Who would not make work a pleasure under such conditions ?

I refer, of course, to the geniuses. It is not quite so easy to believe that the 'best sellers' which are published with unceasing monotony, or some of the music with which the ears are assailed to-day, were conceived in pure joy. It must indeed be a pleasure to delve into the realms of science, making personal sacrifices in searching for cures for hitherto incurable diseases, and in endeavouring to harness the forces of nature for the benefit of mankind, but it surely cannot be pleasurable to employ one's inventive genius in discovering poisonous gases and devising lethal weapons. But our present commercial mechanical system appears to demand such things, so I suppose we must needs have them !

But it is not about artists, poets, scientists, and authors that I wish to write : I want to write about that great, inarticulate mass, the workers. I don't want to discuss work, I want to talk about toil—the tragedy of toil.

'You see those children,' a manufacturer is reported to have said a century ago : 'they get their bread almost as soon as they can

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walk about, and by the time they are seven or eight years old, bring in money. There is no idleness amongst us : they come at five in the morning, they leave at six in the evening, and another set relieves them for the night.' We are more civilised now. Parents must send their children to the elementary schools as soon as they reach the age of five. In our wisdom, we have fixed fourteen as the most suitable age to divide the schoolboy from the wage earner. There are now facilities for keeping the youngsters at school another two years—and it is encouraging to note that an increasing number of parents, often at great personal sacrifice, eagerly take the fullest advantage of those facilities. There is no youth for the industrial young. It is but one short step from the schoolroom to the factory. Too young to know his own inclinations and aptitude, the lad of fourteen is invariably pitchforked into a trade for which he has little liking and for which he is unsuited, or he drifts into a 'blind-alley' occupation.

'Do you wish to become a mechanic?' I asked such a lad recently. 'Not very much,' he replied. 'Then, what do you wish to become?' I next asked. 'An electrician,' said the lad. 'But you'll never learn electrical work here, boy,' I exclaimed. 'I know that: but I hope to when I'm eighteen.' 'You will be too old then, my lad,' said I. 'You will not be able to work for apprentice's wages when you reach that age.' There is an otherwise bright, intelligent lad toiling at work he has no liking for and is not adaptable to, with no possible chance of escape. His father is blind! The tragedy of it!

Let me endeavour to give a pen picture of the average day of the average workman. Awakened at six in the morning by that invention of the devil, an alarm clock, he jumps out of bed and feverishly dresses. To place the kettle on the lighted gas is but the work of a moment, and, whilst the water is heating, he swiftly washes under the water tap in the scullery. Meanwhile, the tired wife has reluctantly risen in order to assist her man by preparing the breakfast. Whilst brewing the tea and cutting the bread, she urges the bread-winner, between frequent yawns, to hurry up or he'll be late at work. Quickly bolting the hastily prepared meal (which will have to suffice till dinner-time), he pecks his wife's cheek and rushes out of the house to catch train, tram, bus, or tube, for maybe he has a long journey before him, and he must be inside the factory by half-past seven. If more than three minutes late, he stands to lose half an hour's wages. Having arrived at the

scene of his employment, he must commence work right away under the eagle eye of the ubiquitous foreman. All day long he must submit to irksome restrictions. The following extracts from the rules and regulations recently issued by a Birmingham firm to its employees will convey some idea of what workpeople have to tolerate.

'All employees must conduct themselves in a quiet and orderly manner when coming to or leaving work.

'Employees must not look up from their work except when it is absolutely necessary. On no account must employees look about their department when strangers are present.

'No eating allowed during working hours. Employees found so doing are liable to instant dismissal, or the loss of their bonus for one month.

'No smoking is allowed in any canteen before 1.30 P.M. Any employee found breaking this rule is liable to instant dismissal, or the loss of three months' bonus.'

He must remain continuously at work until the midday meal hour, usually twelve o'clock or half-past. When nature asserts itself and the man is forced to leave his task, he must, in some factories, give his brass check to a timekeeper, who reports him if he exceeds the time limit fixed by the management. After the meal hour he must return to his toil sharp on the minute, and, after another four hours' continuous work, there is the scramble home, in overcrowded vehicles, which he reaches sometimes too faint and weary to stand.

There is practically no respite from the ceaseless round of toil. Day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, it is the same old grind. Up at 6 A.M. . . . wash, dress, and eat breakfast in fifteen minutes . . . rush to work in crowded vehicles . . . hours of continuous toil and irksome restrictions . . . helter-skelter home again, packed like sardines in tubes, trams, and buses. . . . Holidays? Well! yes. Some fortunate workers do manage to 'enjoy' one crowded week a year at Southend, Margate, or Brighton, in order to get which they must pinch and scrape for fifty-one weeks. The majority, however, dread the statutory holidays, not because they do not need a rest, but because holidays mean short weeks and lighter pay envelopes.

In the early days of the war I obtained employment in Woolwich Arsenal, and an old man on the next lathe interested me. When I asked him how long he had been there he replied, 'Come next September, I have been here forty-three years.' Think of it! For

2236 weeks he had worked for the same employers, in the same factory, on the same type of machine, making similar parts of guns ! I often watched him enter the gate and walk up the yard to the shop wherein he worked. He was for all the world like an automaton. He always entered the gate at the same point at the same time, and trod the same path to his shop—he was never an inch out. Indeed, he had become quite ‘pigeon-toed’ in his efforts to keep to the same narrow direct path to the turnery. There was a prevalent rumour that poor old Taylor once had a severe breakdown, caused through overwork and worry. During his illness, it is said, the old chap evaded the nurses one night, and was found at 2 A.M. in night attire, ringing the bell at the main gates of the Arsenal !

We often read stories in the Press, usually under the caption, ‘A Splendid Record,’ of men who, during many years of service with one firm, have never been late or absent. I wonder what the men think about it all. Are they proud of their achievement ? Did they make joy of their work ? It is more than likely that they hated the sight of it, or had no interest in the job, or they were just human automatic machines. I am reminded of a current music-hall joke. A comedian is burlesquing a school teacher and is questioning one of the ‘pupils,’ an elderly man. The dialogue runs something like this :

‘TEACHER : And where do YOU work ?

PUPIL : On the railway.

T. : And what do you do ?

P. : Oh, I taps wheels.

T. : Tap wheels ! What sort of wheels ?

P. : What sort of wheels ? Why, train wheels, of course.

T. : Oh ! Train wheels, eh ! And how long have you been tapping wheels ?

P. (*brightly*) : Forty-five years.

T. : Hm ! Forty-five years ! And why do you tap wheels ?

P. (*with surprise*) : Eh ?

T. : I said, why do you tap wheels ?

P. (*with a look of blank astonishment*) : Eh ? Why do I tap wheels ?

T. (*testily*) : Yes, yes. Why do you tap wheels ?

P. (*more astonished than ever*) : Why do I tap wheels, eh ? I don’t know. ‘Spose it’s because I’m paid to !’

It is wrong to assume that a man enjoys good health because he is never absent from work. Many men crawl to their employment, with a bottle of medicine in their pocket, when they ought to

be in bed. Absence from work not only means loss of wages : the exigencies of modern industry demand constant production, and the employer is often compelled to fill a sick man's place. A toiler's life is always in jeopardy. He may feel ' a bit queer ' one morning, and have what is colloquially known as a ' slip up,' and spoil a piece of work. He cannot cast it aside and make another attempt : he must report it to the foreman, whose business it is to report such incidents to the management, who may overlook the error ; but employers cannot afford to be philanthropists, and the chances are that he will be given an hour's ' notice ' to pack up, in which case he is faced with the heart-breaking task of looking for another job. Loss of contracts, slackness, financial troubles, ill-tempered foremen, improved methods of manufacture—all help to make one's livelihood ' depend upon what the merest breath of adversity may in a moment dispel.' Toil under such circumstances can scarce be termed a joy ; it is indeed a tragedy. Only the man with the philosophic mind can make work even approximate to pleasure—and how many workmen are philosophers ? Very few indeed. Their stoicism is born of despair. Then there are the dangers of toil.

How many of us, sitting round a blazing fire on a winter's eve, give a thought to the men who hew the coal ? Apart from the unpleasantness of it (one only needs to spend an hour in an ordinary coal cellar to get a faint idea of the wretchedness of mining) the dangers are great and the toil arduous. When the collier goes to his seam, he never knows when he might be trapped by gas or a subsidence of the roof. As everyone knows, the death toll is heavy. And it is not always miners who are killed : a week or so ago, a party of inspectors were entrapped. It is farcical to suggest that these men should take pleasure and interest in mining. And our experts hope to make the work less monotonous by introducing rhythm into the swing of the pick !

It is a matter for extreme regret that the writer has, as yet, been denied the pleasure of a trip on a big liner, but it is not difficult to visualise the exhilarating joy of sailing swiftly and smoothly o'er the boundless sea. But what of the men below—the firemen and engineers—whose toil keep the engines going ! The firemen have to work incessantly feeding the furnaces with fuel. A moment's slackness and speed is reduced. Sometimes the intense heat burns away a firebar, causing the coal to fall into the ash-pit. It must be replaced instantly, or the boiler would soon be out of action. With long slices, firemen draw out the white-hot mass, which falls

on to the floor grating, making it almost too hot to stand on, and the air is thick with acrid fumes which seem to dry up the lungs. By means of a blower, a current of cold air is sent through the fire chamber in order to cool it down a little. Clad only in a pair of trousers, a fireman lies on a wet plank and his mates all but completely cover him with wet sacks. He is then carried towards the furnace and, grappling iron in hand, he is thrust into the fire chamber. The slightest error of judgment on the part of those holding the plank would result in a terrible death for the man. The grappling iron is closed round the broken bar, and in response to his cry, 'Right,' the man on the plank is swiftly pulled out, bringing the firebar with him. The sacks, saturated with water a few seconds ago, are now scorched in places. The man is wrapped in more wet sacks, pails of water are thrown over him and the plank and, with a new firebar in the jaws of the grappling iron, he is again thrust into the fire chamber to flirt with death. Another muffled shout indicates that the new bar is fixed, he is quickly withdrawn, and, overcome by intense heat and strain, he staggers away to seek fresh air.

Sometimes a steam-cock 'blows,' making a terrific explosion, and filling the stoke-hold with scalding steam. Pumps force cold water into the boiler as rapidly as possible, or the tubes would be burnt out. Working as though their lives depended upon it—as indeed they do—the firemen draw the fires, the fumes adding to the all but unbearable atmosphere, whilst dislodged soot covers the men with a layer of hot, damp blackness. Every effort is made to increase the head of steam in the remaining boilers so that the speed of the vessel shall not be reduced very much, and, amid the roar of the forced draught and the ear-splitting noise of escaping steam, the engineers crawl over the top to inspect the damage and make it good. The broken studs are drilled out and a new steam-cock fitted more by touch than anything else, for it is now almost impossible to see. The 'All clear' is at last given, steam is forced into the boiler, the fires are re-fed, and the men anxiously await release from their 'watch,' when they will be enabled to remove the grime and cool their scalded bodies. No doubt these men take such hazardous tasks as a matter of course—all in a day's work, as they themselves would say (they must wait until the end of the watch before they get relief)—and never a fireman or engineer breathed who would shirk the job. Indeed, I dare swear that in the mess room, and amongst friends ashore, they brag of their achievements,

of how a firebar or steam-cock was replaced in record time, and of the very narrow escapes from death they had experienced. Stern necessity compels them to take a lively interest in what they are doing, otherwise the dangers would be even greater, but they ought not to be expected to treat such hazardous tasks as joy rides.

It is characteristic of most workmen to regard the other chap's job as being far more congenial than their own particular occupation, which is probably a manifestation of self-pity. No doubt, if they had a spell at the other man's work, they would soon discover it to be as uncongenial as any other job. The town worker, holiday-making in the country during the summer, envies the farm worker. He thinks of the stuffy office or the stifling factory, of the grime and smoke of town, and of the crowding and crushing in trams, tubes, and buses, and he sighs for the chance to work in the glorious fresh air and sunshine, listening to the birds singing and whistling midst the beautiful green trees. The town worker does not see his agricultural brother during the winter months, plodding along in inches of snow and slush, or working in an open field during a beautiful wind frost, topping and tailing turnips for instance. With one hand the turnip is pulled up, the leaves more often than not white with frost and snow, and the leaves and root are cut off with a hook by the left hand. If the industrial worker had a spell at topping and tailing, he would quickly long for the office or factory, and would probably consign the author of the old song, 'To be a Farmer's Boy,' to a place reputed to be considerably warmer than this terrestrial globe. Similarly, the farm worker, filled with a desire to get away from the soil and to work in the great city, would, after a period in an office or workshop, be rather anxious to get back to the open fields again. It largely depends upon what we have been accustomed to, and what we happen to be doing at the time. Our natures are restless, chafing under the sameness of life, and our soul longs for change.

Tragedy in a greater or lesser degree lurks in almost every occupation; the dangers of disease, deformity, and accidents are ever present. Fear of unemployment and its attendant privations causes many workers to worry themselves into a premature grave; and the blankness of the future after a long life of toil is not conducive to happiness. But it is none of these things which makes the craftsman's working life a tragedy of toil. Craftsmanship is akin to art. Whether he works in wood, plaster or stone; copper, brass or bronze; iron, steel or lead; the true craftsman is indeed

an artist and, like all artists, he will work for work's sake—for the joy of it—provided he has opportunities and facilities. To-day, the craftsman is denied the pleasure of the fullest and freest expression of his craft, which is the greatest tragedy of all. I speak with deep feeling.

Natural aptitude and long years of practical experience have made me a skilful metal turner, proficient in all classes of work, big and small, and all kinds of metal. I like the lathe and the work apart from the financial considerations. I love to get hold of a crude casting, a rough forging, or a bar of steel, and fashion it to the required size and shape. To watch the keen tool travel along the metal cutting spiral grooves to form a thread (the technical name for a screw) fills me with delight, for it was I who so arranged the gear wheels to cause the tool to travel a certain distance in exact relation to the number of revolutions of the spindle, and who ground the tool the correct shape and angle. To turn an engine crankshaft complete, making it accurate in size (to a half-thousandth part of an inch), flawless in finish, and perfectly round, is a pleasure. To be given a blue print and the material and to be told to get on with the job in my own way, excites the keenest possible interest. And so is it with all craftsmen: they love their work. No matter the job or the material, the more difficult the better they like it: they can lose themselves in endeavouring to make it a work of art. But such things are not permitted in modern industry; we are not allowed to express ourselves in our own work. Each piece of work is usually split up into operations, one man doing one part, another another part, and so on. If we attempt to put our best into it and make it a job worth doing, we are promptly told not to waste time. Fancy telling an artist not to waste time when he is putting his soul into a painting! Production is so speeded up that we haven't the requisite time to finish a piece of work as it should be done. Never mind about the finish: get the work done! is the slogan of modern industry. Instead of being a craftsman in the truest sense of the word, the mechanic is a mere cog in the industrial wheel, in consequence of which he chafes at being denied the joy of self-expression, heartily hates, not the work, but the conditions, and has little interest in the job apart from the pay envelope. Yet, paradoxically enough, the average man is usually cheerful in the workshop (which, in itself, is a tragedy), but it is not the joy of an artist expressing his soul in his work; rather is it an expression of the don't-care philosophy—oh, well! it doesn't matter as long as

the pay is all right. This outlook upon work is bad for industry and worse for the individual. If it is true that work is imperfectly applied if the workman has no interest in his job, it is equally true that one cannot interest himself in work when he is denied the right of self-expression.

The problem then, it seems to me—at least as far as the craftsman is concerned—is to restore the right of self-expression, an extremely difficult—almost impossible—proposition in these days. As has already been said, mass production demands departmentalisation, simplification of work, and repetitive jobs, and only a fool would suggest reverting to the methods of decades ago. But surely it is not impossible, even within a mass-production system, to devise ways and means of restoring to the mechanic that wonderful craft pride which has made British mechanics famous the world over! It is, in my opinion, both possible and desirable. With the unskilled workers, toil would be less a tragedy if security of employment, adequate wages, and hygienic conditions were assured. It is impossible to eliminate all the dangers of industry even if it were desirable. Life without ordinary risks would be frightfully dull and dreary, and death a welcome release, but there is no logical reason why unnecessary dangers should not be reduced to a minimum.

Perhaps the joint committee set up by the General Council and the Mond group of employers will produce a scheme which, if accepted and applied in the proper spirit, will give the workers the security, wages, and hygienic conditions so conducive to happiness and interest. Meanwhile, the life of the average man is a tragedy of toil. From fourteen to sixty or seventy, it is work, work, work, with little relaxation. Beneath the thin veneer of apparent contentment is the haunting fear of unemployment and illness, and the dreary prospect of being cast aside when old age comes creeping on, only to become a burden to others.

It does seem ironical that, although we have the brains and ingenuity to harness the forces of nature, to devise wonderful things, to conquer the sea, air, and all forms of transport, the very people whose labour provides us with these comforts, and who produce the necessities of life, are condemned to a life which can only be adequately described as a tragedy of toil. Maybe, in the fullness of time, work will be made a joy for everyone, and even menial and unpleasant tasks will be undertaken with enthusiasm and interest.

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LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number : the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 58.

(The Second of the Series.)

'She took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.'

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife ? am I not fair ?'

1. 'My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid.'
2. 'You hope, because you're old and ——,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?'
3. 'Sea monster, upward man
And downward fish.'
4. 'Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater.'
5. 'Was it a ——, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?'
6. 'From the Golden —— up to the Knee
There it was for the mob to see !'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page x of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue.

4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back.

5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.

6. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.

7. Answers to Acrostic No. 58 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than June 20.

PROEM : Wolfe, *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

LIGHTS :

ANSWER TO No. 57.

1. D	oo	N
2. R	ome	O
3. U	prigh	T
4. M	om	E

1. Burns, *The Banks o' Doon.*

2. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii.

2.

3. Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1.

4. L. Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass*, ch. 1.

Acrostic No. 56 ('Last rose of summer') : Answers were received from 63 competitors, none of them correct in every light. Seven solvers missed one quotation only, six missed two, and the others were less successful. Every light was found by several solvers, and every light defeated one or more competitors; the hardest were, perhaps, 'Alef,' 'Opprobrium,' and 'Easier.'

The A.E. would like to remind three or four solvers that the rules must be observed. The current coupon must be sent—occasionally a solver who has omitted it sends it afterwards, and it is then acceptable, if received by the closing date. Names and addresses are necessary, if prizes are to be awarded.

FOURTEENTH SERIES : RESULT.

Seven solvers missed one light in the series, while all the others made more than one mistake. One of the seven—a prize-winner more than once—disqualified himself by infringing the rules; Lapin and Oiseau were successful last quarter, and are now ineligible; and the other four take the prizes. Karshish, Penthemeron, Square, and Tuchel divide the prize money, and each of them will also choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. These four solvers will now be ineligible for prizes in the current (fifteenth) series.

Karshish is Miss Burney, Ripplingale, Bolsover Road, Eastbourne; Penthemeron is Miss Wait, 2 College Road, Clifton, Bristol; Square is Mrs. Carré, Meyrick's, Anthony's Avenue, Parkstone, Dorset; Tuchel is Mr. T. Luck, 212 Tilehurst Road, Reading.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE ADVERTISER, JANUARY 1928.

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BOOK NOTES FOR JANUARY

Queen Victoria

THE third volume in the Second Series of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, deals with the years 1879 to 1885. As the correspondence approaches more nearly to the present time, the interest of it naturally increases, as the events described come within the



H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA

recollection of many living persons. In the earlier years, we have the wars in South Africa and on the Indian frontier. In November 1879 Mr. Gladstone, who had emerged, over the Bulgarian atrocities, from his retirement, gave a lead, through an electioneering tour in Midlothian, for a violent campaign against the Government: the General Election of 1880 gave the Liberals a large majority, and he was once more called upon to take office. The Queen's correspondence consequent on the change of ministry and the difference between the views held by Her Majesty and Mr. Gladstone and some of his colleagues is of exceptional interest.

In the spring of 1881 occurred the death of Lord Beaconsfield, and the tributes to his memory paid not only by the Queen but also by leading men of both parties are remarkable. In addition to political events will be found the record of Royal marriages and other social topics, which indicate the great interest which must be aroused by this volume.

The Archbishop of Wales Remembers

IT has fallen to the Church in Wales to be the first part of the Church in Great Britain to be severed from the State, and the whole story with all its significance is told for the first time in the Archbishop of Wales's *Memories*. The events he records are more than ecclesiastically interesting. And they are told not in general statements, however well considered, but in particulars and details that may be easily verified. The story is given of the Puritan revival in Wales, and of the attempt and failure, at the beginning of the present century, to secure religious teaching in all the elementary schools of Wales and England. Of special interest at the present time is the rise and power of nationalism in Wales,

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BOOK NOTES FOR JANUARY

which found emphatic recognition in the investiture of the present Prince of Wales. The authentic account is here given of that significant ceremony and of its origin.

A Happy Traveller



TANGA

DR. ROSS's new and unconventional travel book, *By Devious Ways*, is a fascinating mixture of grave and gay, in which illuminating accounts of his administrative work in various countries are skilfully blended with amusing incidents of travel and some good stories. His recent enquiries into the health conditions in the South African mines and his work in subduing the mosquito in Assam are full of interest, and gain piquancy from his graphic pen. The book's many illustrations were also drawn by Dr. Ross.

'A First Novel of Genius'

WHEN *The Spectator* hails the first effort of a young writer as 'A first novel of genius,' no comment is needed. In a separate editorial paragraph *The Spectator* says: 'It was by a happy chance that we learned of a remarkable novel written by an unknown Irish girl. So unusual and so refreshing is it to acclaim a new writer of genius, that we make no apology to our readers for transferring to the most prominent part of our review pages the criticism of *Hanging Johnny*, sent to us by one of our very trusted reviewers.' And the reviewer writes thus:—'Something of the spirit of "Jude the Obscure" pervades this extraordinarily mature first novel by an author of only eighteen years. There is no obvious imitation, and we do not suggest, of course, that Miss Johnston is at present comparable with Mr. Hardy. Yet few readers, we think, will close *Hanging Johnny* without at least being reminded of the Wessex master. Miss Johnston's grimness, with its underlying compassion; her irony; and her straightforward narrative style, with its simple, vivid diction: all these recall in some measure the creator of "Jude." Our established novelists



MISS MYRTLE JOHNSTON

“A First Novel of Genius”

“It was by a happy chance,” says *The Spectator* in an editorial paragraph, “that we learned of a remarkable novel written by an unknown Irish girl. So unusual and so refreshing is it to acclaim a new writer of genius, that we make no apology to our readers for transferring to the most prominent part of our review pages the criticism of *Hanging Johnny*, sent to us by one of our very trusted reviewers.”

HANGING JOHNNY

By

MYRTLE JOHNSTON

EXTRACT FROM *The Spectator's* REVIEW BY MR. GILBERT THOMAS:—

“SOMETHING of the spirit of *Jude the Obscure* pervades this extraordinarily mature first novel by an author of only eighteen years. There is no obvious imitation, and we do not suggest, of course, that Miss Johnston is at present comparable with Mr. Hardy. Yet few readers, we think, will close *Hanging Johnny* without at least being reminded of the Wessex master. Miss Johnston's grimness, with its underlying compassion; her irony; and her straightforward narrative style, with its simple, vivid diction: all these recall in some measure the creator of *Jude*. Our established novelists would gain credit by such a book as *Hanging Johnny*. As the work of so young a writer it is altogether remarkable.”

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BOOK NOTES FOR JANUARY

would gain credit by such a book as *Hanging Johnny*. As the work of so young a writer it is altogether remarkable.'

The Book-lover's Gift in excelsis

IN a fascinating companion to his earlier work, 'In Quest of the Perfect Book,' Mr. William Dana Orcutt now shares his further adventures and reflections in a second volume, *The Kingdom of Books*. This new book is a bouquinistic Odyssey of interest to those familiar with the technique of the art of printing, yet so intimate in its style that the general reader will be equally intrigued. In showing how, through the demand for their embellishment, illustrations to books began, he pauses to admire the work of the early woodcut artists and considers the significance of the best examples ancient and modern. Nearly a hundred illustrations illuminate the text of this new volume, not as bibliographical exhibits but as human documents.

Love—and Cruel Jealousy



[Photo by Hay Wrightson]

LOVE and his step-sister, Jealousy, are the predominating elements in Mr. Donald Sinderby's new novel which is called *The Protagonists*, but the book's chief charm rests in its local colour. As in his earlier romance, 'The Jewel of Malabar,' the setting is India at the time of the Moplah excitements, but this time Mr. Sinderby has a hero and a villain who hate each other after the old fashion, with the result that there is much fighting and intrigue to hold the reader's interest to the end.

Jewish Ideals

THE author of a volume of *Letters to My Son*, who writes under the pseudonym of Ben Eliezer, was originally prompted to begin the series by his devout desire to instil into his son a love for Hebrew letters. Later, he yearned for a wider public, for he realised the importance of his articles to the whole of the English-speaking Jewish youth. He hopes that they will be stimulated by his pages to enter upon a study of their national tongue and through

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BOOK NOTES FOR JANUARY

that medium become acquainted at first hand with the many works of art to be found in modern Jewish literature. Many of his chapters deal with Jews who have risen to eminence in science, literature and art, and other branches of knowledge, but whose names are in some cases little known to the world at large. This is a book which should appeal to all who take an interest in these large questions.

'That ye too think deeply, bear fruit well'

IN *They Who Paddle* Miss Rosalind Webster writes of those who shrink from sounding the deeps of life and instead are content to paddle in the shallows of experience. Her heroine, Lady Irain Ghant, is the daughter of a determined Countess and has to live the full round of dances and parties in the most exacting of circles. She expresses the hollowness of it all, its frequent vulgarity and cruelty, in a play whose frankness causes an estrangement with her prudish parents. The rest of the story may be left for the reader's discovery; it is sufficient to add that this is an uncommonly striking novel of modern youth.

Romance in an Original Setting

THE LACQUER COUCH' is an original story in an original setting, with a Manchu princess brought up in an English family and a Russian princess—a refugee who begged for a time in the streets of Peking—as the heroines. The story deals with their actions and reactions on each other, and the characters are drawn with great cleverness and insight. This is Miss Anne Duffield's first novel and she has presented the old problem of 'East is East and West is West' very ingeniously, showing that the twain *can* meet.

'Among the Untrodden Ways'

KIPLING coloured by research' was a critic's comment on Sir Hugh Clifford's *Heroes in Exile*, which the author himself describes as being 'certain rescued fragments of submerged romance.' While Mr. Rudyard Kipling is the keenest of observers and the deftest recorder of impressions, Sir Hugh Clifford is the man of documents and this was never more ably demonstrated than in the present volume which has just been reprinted.

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The Daily Telegraph says: 'There is abounding vitality in these portraits.'

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BOOK NOTES FOR JANUARY

An Inspiring Personality

IT is five years since Miss Bentinck Smith, a distinguished figure in the educational world and late Headmistress of St. Leonard's School, St. Andrews, passed into that 'larger room' beyond human ken. Those left responsible for her papers were faced with the problem. Was their message delivered and done with, or did some responsibility yet remain? Now it has been decided to publish a selection of her essays and school sermons, together with a Memoir of their author, under the title of *Ad Vitam*, in the belief that the book will appeal to the general public as well as to Miss Bentinck Smith's wide and cultivated circle of friends.



MISS BENTINCK SMITH

Adventure—Finance—Cupid

MAJOR ROBERT GRANT's new novel *Shorn!* is quite as extravagant as 'Vanneck'—whose success last year was considerable—and as attractive. A greedy, arrogant oil magnate and his son, an adventurer who has ideas of discovering treasure, the narrator and his comic valet, and, of course, an interesting heroine are some of the characters who enliven this amusing and picturesque tale whose scene is set in Mexico.

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for February will contain, among other articles, further instalments of *The 'Lively Peggy'*, by Stanley J. Weyman; of *Reminiscences of a Harrow Master*, by C. H. P. Mayo, and *Some Thackeray Originals*, by P. R. Krishnaswami; *Captain Cuttle's Philosophy*, dealing with science and education, by Prof. H. E. Armstrong, F.R.S.; *The Undying Prince*, a dramatic fantasy on Hamlet's spirit and the great impersonators of Hamlet, by Prof. O. W. Firkins; readers of THE CORNHILL will recall his spirited dialogue presenting the Carlyles at Lady Ashburton's country house.

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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

More Letters of Queen Victoria

IT was fitting that the first book published in the New Year by the House of Murray should be a further volume of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*. This is the third volume in the Second Series and it covers the years between 1879 and 1885, an exceedingly interesting period alike from the political and the social point of view. In this correspondence Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke figure largely, and the differences between the views held by Her Majesty and by some of her ministers—Mr. Gladstone particularly—are of exceptional interest. This volume, like the others in the Second Series, is edited by Mr. George Earle Buckle and published by authority of Her Majesty the King.



H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA

Sermons on the Holy Eucharist

THE prudence of our forefathers in the Church, determined that of the consecrated Bread and Wine nothing should remain over after the service was ended, and thereby saved a perpetual discussion of the nature of the Blessed Sacrament when reserved. But this drastic remedy for unprofitable controversy has come to be no longer applicable, and the Sacrament will now with increasing frequency be reserved for the communion of the sick. Therefore the Church of England is faced by the old question and by question regarding the Holy Eucharist as an act of Worship. It is in order to indicate the scriptural foundations on which the answers may be most securely based, that Dr. Armitage Robinson, Dean of Wells, has published a little volume of sermons entitled *Giving and Receiving*, in which he considers these grave questions in the light of the original institution.

The Soul of the Past

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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

Mr. Christopher Dawson makes the first attempt to survey, in a single volume, the results of the latest researches of English and Continental scholars. But the book is infinitely more than a mere outline of archæological discovery. It aims above all at the study of the social and religious life of ancient society and discovers in this primitive world a key to the origin of ideas and institutions which have been active forces in the life of mankind ever since.

A Happy Book

IN setting down his reminiscences, which he describes as 'a true account of work undertaken in a strange and savage country by inexperienced city men, called out from the comfort of their own



W. W. CAMPBELL AND HIS SURLY AND GROTESQUE LITTLE IMAGE.

homes and from the blessings of civilised surroundings, to a new and little-dreamed-of exploratory campaign,' Mr. W. W. Campbell has told a gallant story, delightfully and effectively. *East Africa by Motor Lorry* is a happy book. Although the author was in the Motor Transport in the East African campaign the War is merely an interest in the background, it is his picture of things insectivorous and human, tropical and automobile, which is illuminating and attractive. He writes of long drives in the forest, where serpents and lions abound; of scorpions and snakes in his tent; of the jolly fellows with whom he

worked and sang and played; of the elusive Von Lettow; of forest scenery and sunsets; and of duty magnificently done on poor rations and with fever often popping up. A really first-rate book.

Behind the Scenes, 1914-1918

THOSE who were in any way 'behind the scenes' of the drama of 1914-1918 have come to realise that history based purely on documents is not *history*. For not only did many of the fateful decisions and actions turn upon personal or telephone discussions but the formal orders and records are often written with a careful vagueness or amplitude of meaning—and even, in some cases, in the suspect of having been written *pour l'histoire*. Thus the best chance

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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

of attaining historical truth is while the majority of the actors are still alive, when the mass of documentary evidence now available can be tested and checked by the knowledge of contemporary witnesses. To this end, Captain Liddell Hart, a military critic and historian of world-wide reputation, has for years been collecting and sifting both the written and the personal evidence and impressions of many of those who in the various countries took an intimate part in the conduct of the war. The result is *Reputations: Ten Years After*, a book treated in the manner of a portrait painter and in the spirit of an historian, which sheds a searching light on the course of the world war and its many mysteries.



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LORD GORELL's new book, *The Devouring Fire* (7s. 6d. net), is not a joyous adventure like 'Venturers All,' but a powerful detective story which should satisfy even the most exacting readers of this thrilling type of fiction. The inevitable murder leads to strange complications and developments, including the tracking, trial and execution of the culprit. But when the dead murderer subsequently shows every sign of active life, breathless horror ensues, until the ingenious solution of the whole mystery is discovered.

The Naturalist of Selborne

OF Gilbert White himself much has been written, yet nevertheless direct, intimate information about his person and habits is scanty. Now this omission has been remedied, for Mr. Walter Johnson, in writing of *Gilbert White: the Pioneer, the Poet, and the Stylist*, has drawn a satisfying picture of the man, and included his personal traits. From the six volumes of White's manuscript 'Naturalist's Journal,' the author has extracted a considerable amount of hitherto unpublished material, and he shows clearly what were White's definite contributions to natural history—ornithological, botanical, geological—and what are his claims as a pioneer. Mr. Johnson also discusses in full White's poems, so

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THIS volume contains an exceedingly interesting period of Queen Victoria's Reign, 1879-1885. In the earlier years, we have the wars in South Africa and on the Indian frontier. These are followed by Mr. Gladstone's accession to power, and the last illness and death of Lord Beaconsfield. The tributes to his memory, both from the Queen and from others—friends as well as rivals—are very remarkable. The ensuing correspondence shows us the Queen, frequently at difference with her new Ministers in matters of foreign policy. They are followed by Mr. Parnell's rise to power and the struggle with the Home Rulers in Ireland; the Kilmainham Treaty; the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish; the bombardment of Alexandria; the battle of Tel-el-Kebir and the constitutional dispute over the Franchise Bill; the despatch of General Gordon to Khartoum; Gordon's death and the fall of the Gladstone Ministry, with the impending shadow of Home Rule. These events, which are only a selection from amongst many more, ensure that the volume is at least as interesting as any of its predecessors.

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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

frequently overlooked, and attempts to discover the secret of his charming style. The special topographical and geological maps—based on a thirty years' acquaintance with Selborne—which have been drawn up, add interest to the book, while the little-known pen-and-ink sketch of White is also reproduced.

A British Diplomat contemporary with Napoleon

ANYONE who has read Ludwig's 'Napoleon' will find of considerable interest the carefully selected letters of a British diplomat who spent a career of extraordinary activity, hanging on the Emperor's flanks. Mrs. Stuart Wortley's latest volume of family papers—*Highcliffe and the Stuarts* (16s. net)—illustrates the career of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, who reached the zenith of his career as our Ambassador in Paris in 1815. Just as Ludwig paints—as it were by the hand of Snyders—the huge wild boar issuing from the jungle of the French Revolution and tearing and crushing the motley pack that seeks to pull him down, so do these letters delineate the character of his enemies' deadliest type, the kind that was never shaken off. Lord Stuart was the son of Sir Charles Stuart, a general of great promise, whose heart was broken by the refusal of his Government to permit him to lead an attack from the Riviera against Napoleon's communications in the second Italian campaign. The son is more dogged. He witnesses, often from the field, almost all Napoleon's triumphs; then helps Wellington to organise the victory in the Peninsula, and finally is in Brussels coolly to await the result of Waterloo.



viii

New Additions to a Popular Series

IT was inevitable that after the publication of P. C. Wren's *Beau Geste* in a three-and-sixpenny edition, there should be a demand for his four Indian novels at the popular price. *The Snake and the Sword*, *Dew and Mildew*, *Father Gregory* and *Driftwood Spars* have therefore been produced in the same style as the *Beau Geste* cheap edition and are each available at three-and-sixpence. Another notable addition to this Popular Series of novels is *Hilda Ware*, Mrs. Allen Harker's latest book.

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The Spectator

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The Daily News

"Miss Johnston has given us something memorable—something, I rather think, unforgettable. Her art is quiet, pitiful and sincere."

The Sunday Times

"It has both dignity and distinction. There are unexpected touches and skilful portraits, and the novel leaves an impression of very good work by a writer with a sound technique and an unusually vivid imagination."

The Daily Mail

"Most established novelists would hesitate to tackle a theme bristling with so many pitfalls. She writes with delicate sympathy and a touch which, at eighteen, is already astonishingly sure."

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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

A Panorama of Civilization

DR. LYNN THORNDIKE'S book giving *A Short History of Civilization* is unique in character in that hitherto there has been no adequate presentation of the main thread of the story of civilization between the covers of a single volume, or, for that matter, in any one work, at least in English. Beginning with the Stone Age, and primitive customs and thought, Dr. Thorndike proceeds to deal with the ancient civilizations of the Near East, to the influence of Greek culture and Roman law, the civilizations of the Far East, and so to medieval times and the present day, when science is in the ascendant. Dr. Thorndike has produced at once a brilliant and a satisfying book, illuminating and authoritative, based on wide reading, on a good deal of intensive travel and study in historic Europe, and on a varied teaching experience.

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for March will contain among other contributions continuations of the serial *The 'Lively Peggy,'* by Stanley J. Weyman; of *Reminiscences of a Harrow Master*, by C. H. P. Mayo, dealing with distinguished lecturers in speechroom and with the headmastership of Dr. Wood; and of *Some Thackeray Originals*, by P. R. Krishnaswami, discovering in 'the Rev. Charles Honeyman' various traits of W. H. Brookfield. *Charlotte Brontë, Heretic*, is a character sketch by Keighley Snowden, evoked by the limitations in the recently translated study of Charlotte Brontë by the Abbé Dimnet; *Paintings and Parchments*, by Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., is written round mementoes of a family that gave the country a long line of soldiers; *Shakespeare's Worst*, by Sir Hugh Orange, C.B., C.I.E., is an amusing hit at the things that passed for wit in the theatre of that day.

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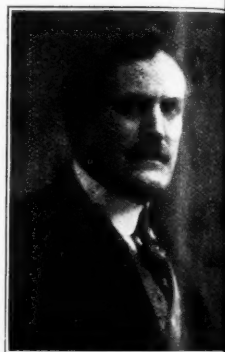
BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

Queen Victoria's Outspoken Letters

THE Third Volume of Queen Victoria's Letters is arousing more interest and comment than any of the previously published volumes on account of the outspoken, in fact startling correspondence between the Queen, Gladstone and Disraeli. More fascinating than fiction and more informing than any history of the reign are these Letters, and the critics have nothing but admiration for the skill with which Mr. Buckle has edited them.

Franco-American Relations during 150 Years

DURING the one hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since Benjamin Franklin, the first American Minister, set up his Legation on the edge of Passy, America has sent to France no fewer than thirty-seven Ministers and Ambassadors whose terms of office range from a single year to eight. All these men were selected by the President for their high character and ability, their services to their party, and also because of their inclination towards France and their wealth and social advantages. These distinguished envoys were usually, from their previous remoteness, disposed to regard France, French politics, institutions and society, from a fresh angle, as their official reports and private letters testify. Colonel Beckles Willson has been studying the archives of the Embassy, which the present Ambassador, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, placed at his disposal, and has written an illuminating as well as an authoritative account of Franco-American relations during the lengthy period 1777-1927. The book, which is called *America's Ambassadors to France*, is additionally interesting on account of its many portraits.



MR. MYRON T. HERRICK

A Military Attaché's Recollections

GENERAL WATERS has been encouraged by the success of his earlier book, 'Secret and Confidential,' to disclose more of his interesting experiences in a second volume entitled *Private and Personal: Further Experiences of a Military Attaché*, which title fitly describes the events he narrates. In a Prologue, which

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We now realise that history based solely on documents is incomplete history. Many fateful decisions and actions turn on personal or telephone discussions and formal orders are often written with a careful vagueness or amplitude of meaning. Thus the best chance of reaching historical truth is while the principal actors still live and while documentary evidence can be tested by the knowledge of contemporary witnesses. Captain Liddell Hart has for years been collecting the evidence, both written and personal, of those who took an intimate part in the conduct of the War. The result is this book, treated in the manner of a portrait painter and in the spirit of an historian, which sheds a searching light on the course of the War and its many mysteries.

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BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

comprises the first three chapters, General Waters sketches the five years of his school life in Germany and France, which gave him such insight into the national characteristics of both countries. Act One of his public life relates chiefly to his military attachéship in Berlin and includes much intimate history of the Kaiser and the Court, besides throwing light on contemporary events. Act Two takes us to North China, where the author commanded the British troops of occupation during the four years between 1906 and 1910, when present events were casting their shadows before them, presaging a vast change in the relations between Westerner and Oriental. In the Epilogue General Waters discusses the present situation in the East and West.

On the Stage

MULTITUDES of theatre-goers on both sides of the Atlantic have seen and applauded Mr. George Arliss's unique qualities of characterisation on the stage, and his success in 'The Green Goddess' is too recent to need emphasis. Now he has written his autobiography in *On the Stage*—a jolly chronicle instinct with his own fascinating personality and rich in interest, anecdote and humour. Seldom is the life of an actor so many-sided and so illuminating, and not often is it given to a man to excel in more than one of the Arts. Mr.



MR. GEORGE ARLISS IN
The Green Goddess

Arliss has, however, proved himself to be as successful with the pen as he is on the stage—and that is saying a good deal.

Our Greatest Naturalist

IN the introductory note to his book on *Gilbert White*, Mr. Walter Johnson speaks of the intense pleasure he has derived from writing the book and hopes that a portion of this pleasure may be passed on to the reader. The author has extracted from the six volumes of White's manuscript 'Naturalist's Journal' a considerable amount of hitherto unpublished material, and the history of the famous blunder about the hibernating hirundines is clearly traced. Mr. Johnson has also taken this opportunity of freeing White's memory from unjust aspersions, such as that he was too fond of using the gun, that he was a self-centred

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BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

recluse isolated in his native village, and that he was indifferent to grave national issues. Investigation abundantly proves that, as is the book, so was the man.

A much-misjudged man

OF all the great Elizabethans who made the sixteenth century the heroic age of English history both in action and letters, there is not one so little known and so universally misjudged as *Edward de Vere, the Seventeenth Earl of Oxford*. At the hands of his contemporaries he received both scurrilous abuse and unstinted praise, and therefore it is perhaps not surprising that posterity should have accepted the first and doubted the second. Mr. B. M. Ward's book depicting the life of this important soldier, statesman and courtier should do much to correct the misrepresentations which historians of the period have hitherto accepted as true, for the volume is based on a close examination of the manuscript records of the period and they reveal a very different story, showing that most of the stories told against the Earl are without foundation. Not only does the book show up the falsity of the majority of the popular legends that have grown up round Lord Oxford, but it throws a new light on the importance of the part played by him throughout Queen Elizabeth's reign, when he was second chief favourite of the Queen and during which time his reputation as a man of letters was second to none.

A very jolly book

'EAST AFRICA BY MOTOR LORRY' is the title of Mr. W. W. Campbell's entertaining and historical record of transport work among savages in a country that was practically unknown. Revealing a strong relish for adventure 'by force of circumstance' the author takes his reader by troopship to the untrodden, verdured hills and trackless plains of East Africa. Here, in the heat of the tropics, a large army of men helped to chase that will-o'-the-wisp, Von Lettow, through the eerie fastnesses of Africa's wilds.

These men were less concerned with the powder and shot aspects of warfare than with the difficulties of life in general and motor transport in particular. Therefore, Mr. Campbell has set down his impressions of the character of the country and its people,



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BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

their habits and customs, with duly expurgated comments on the climate and the fauna ; and not a little humour.

Philosophy

SOME desire has been expressed for the publication in a conveniently accessible form of certain of Lord Haldane's addresses and essays which have previously appeared, some in 'The Conduct of Life,' others in 'Universities of National Life,' and one in 'The Empire Review.' They have not been arranged collectively until now, and the contents of this volume, which is entitled *Selected Addresses and Essays*, are assembled as containing an expression of faith in knowledge, in higher education, and in a special phase of the unwritten constitution of the Empire.

A Popular Indian Ruler

SO much prominence has been given to Baroda and its ruler during this century that it is considered fitting to publish now a true account of the outstanding work which has been done under the present Maharaja, in the development of the State and its resources and the improvement of the condition of its inhabitants. This account of the life and work of *The Ruler of Baroda* has been written by Mr. Philip W. Sergeant, who, during a long stay at Baroda, was given every facility for gathering information and examining the work of the State in all its branches. Incidentally, the book shows the interesting result of a human experiment, for the Maharaja lived the life of a peasant boy until his twelfth birthday, deprived of the most elementary education and without any expectations for the future. It argues much for his character that, when suddenly lifted to great riches and subjected to a course of intensive culture, which would have given most boys a profound distaste for study, he not only realised his deficiencies, but succeeded in making them good. For forty-five years he has steadily pursued the path of duty towards his State, and the story of his life is an example worthy to be followed far beyond his own frontiers.

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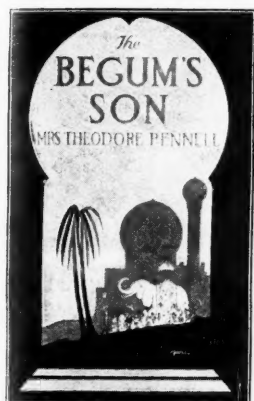
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In this story the author treats of the conditions of the ruling class in India and shows how influential may be the mother at Court. Incidentally she touches upon questions of Imperial concern, such as the desirableness of educating Eastern youths in Western lands. Altogether, as a story and as a thoughtful contribution to our necessary knowledge of India, the novel is of exceptional value. 7s. 6d. net.

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By DONALD SINDERBY

As in 'The Jewel of Malabar,' Mr. Sinderby returns to India at the time of the Moplah excitements. In his new novel, however, Love, or rather Jealousy, and not War, is the predominating interest. After the old fashion he has a hero and an utter villain who hate each other instinctively, with the result that there is plenty of hot fighting. 7s. 6d. net.



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BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

biographies, printed pedigree sheets, reprints from genealogical magazines, peerage claims, or works produced in America; to quote Lord Farrer in his Introduction to the book, he has succeeded in providing a regular 'feast for a browser.' Members of the Society of Genealogists, of which Mr. Thomson is a Fellow, will find this a particularly useful volume.

India to the Fore

INDIA is very largely to the fore at the present time, and Mrs. Theodore Pennell's new contribution to our knowledge of her native country takes the form of a novel entitled *The Begum's Son*, which is full of detailed local colour. In it she gives a convincing picture of the endless intrigues that surround the life of an Indian ruler and of the reforms an ideal ruler might effect. Incidentally, she touches upon questions of Imperial concern, such as the desirableness of educating Eastern youths in Western lands. But the story is the thing, and Mrs. Pennell has the ability to tell a fine story well. Altogether, this should prove a novel of exceptional value.



Next Month

THE April number of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE will contain among other contributions a further instalment of Stanley Weyman's romance *The 'Lively Peggy,'* and of *Reminiscences of a Harrow Master*, by C. H. P. Mayo; *Louis Calvert*, a reminiscence by His Honour Judge Parry; *Pool Poetry*, by William Corner, a sprightly examination of a certain tendency in modern English poetry; and *The First English Aeronaut: James Sadler of Oxford*, by J. E. Hodgson.

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BOOK NOTES FOR APRIL

Scotland's Kings and Queens

MRS. E. THORNTON COOK scored a notable success a little more than a year ago with 'Her Majesty: the Romance of the Queens of England.' Now she has written a companion volume—*Their Majesties of Scotland*—which tells the history of Scotland from Macbeth to Prince Charles Edward in the lives of her kings and queens. The author has made long and extended research into all available material which sheds light not only on historical events but also on the characters and characteristics of the sovereigns and their followers. The story is, indeed, a tempestuous one of 'battle, murder and sudden death,' but it also has the vitality and romance which inevitably enshrouds Scotland.



MRS. E. THORNTON COOK

Ten Years After

THE lapse of ten years has enabled the military historian to view with dispassionate eyes the chief episodes and personalities of the Great War. In *Reputations* Captain Liddell Hart has made a close study of all the accessible records, official and personal, from British, French, American, Russian, Italian, German, Austrian, and Balkan sources, and against this background he has set his portraits of the famous commanders. He paints in turn Marshal Joffre: the Modern Delphic Oracle; Erich von Falkenhayn: the Extravagance of Prudence; Haig of Bemersyde: the Essence of Britain; Marshal Gallieni: the Real Victor of the Marne; Ferdinand Foch: the Symbol of the Victorious Will; Erich Ludendorff: the Robot Napoleon; Pétain: Military Economist—the Blend of Fabius and Carnot; Allenby of Megiddo: the Evolution of a Leader; Hunter Liggett: a Professor of War—and Human Nature; 'Black Jack' Pershing: the '100 Per Cent. American'; and deals fearlessly with their strength and weakness. This is a book which students of the future will find of great value, for herein may history be said to approximate most nearly to truth.

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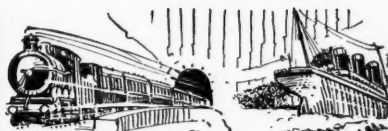
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BOOK NOTES FOR APRIL

A lengthy line of American envoys

IN an illuminating volume entitled *America's Ambassadors to France*, Colonel Beckles Willson follows up his narrative of the British Embassy in Paris with an account of the personalities and diplomatic and social activities of the lengthy line of American envoys to France, beginning with Benjamin Franklin in 1777 down to the present Ambassador, Mr. Herrick. For the bulk of his material Colonel Willson has had full access to the archives of the Embassy, a privilege granted for the first time, and much fresh light is accordingly shed upon contemporary Franco-American relations. He has also used private letters of the envoys and members of their families, with the object of presenting a vivid character sketch of each of the thirty-odd American plenipotentiaries to France.

A worthy record of a fine personality

A WORTHY record of a fine personality and a valiant career. It shows what striving, what trials, what industry, courage, integrity and ambition went to the making of it.' Thus does Lord Birkenhead, in his Preface, write of *Cheerful Yesterdays*, a memoir of the Hon. O. T. J. Alpers, who was Judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand. Born in Copenhagen, he emigrated with his family to New Zealand when he was a boy, not knowing a word of any language but Danish. At the age of twelve he began to earn his living, without friends, influence, or means, but he found fun and joy in the doing. He was pupil teacher, tradesman's clerk, university lecturer, schoolmaster, and journalist, until at the age of thirty-eight he was admitted to the Bar, where he entered upon his twenty years wonderful career as advocate. Finally he was offered a judgeship—a unique event—for the first time in history a Dane was chosen to be a Judge of the Supreme Court in the great British Empire. But in the moment of triumph he was struck down by fate, and during the ensuing illness he dictated in his own simple language this narrative of his life, to which the colonial setting lends an added freshness and distinction.



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BOOK NOTES FOR APRIL

Mr. George Arliss's Reminiscences

As happens only too rarely in books of reminiscences, the appeal of Mr. George Arliss's autobiography, *On the Stage*, lies as much in the manner of telling as in the subject matter, for he has adopted a literary style of extraordinary charm and finish. He is a familiar figure to thousands of theatre-goers both here and in America, and his success on this side as the Rajah in 'The Green Goddess' is too recent to call for emphasis. In the course of the years he has encountered celebrities in many fields and seen them from various angles, and his side-pictures of these well-known men and women are as vivid as they are entertaining.

Of importance to P. C. Wren's admirers

AN important and outstanding addition to Mr. Murray's Three-and-Sixpenny Novels is *Beau Sabreur*, P. C. Wren's Foreign Legion story, which followed 'Beau Geste,' and which has just been shown on the screen at the Plaza Theatre.

A not-to-be-put-down story



LORD GORELL, that most versatile peer with volumes of poetry, romance, and adventurous fiction to his credit, has now written a new detective story — *The Devouring Fire*—which even the most hardened reader in this realm of fiction will find entirely thrilling and irresistible. This is a story of the not-to-be-put-down order. Of course, it begins with a murder, and thereafter follow strange complications and developments, including the tracking, trial, and execution of the culprit. But is the dead murderer dead? At any rate, he shows signs of active life and thereby causes

lively terror. There is an ingenious solution, which the reader must be left to discover.

Reminiscences—with a difference

AN entertaining account of a plain man's simple adventures is how Mr. W. W. Campbell describes his book of reminiscences, *East Africa by Motor Lorry*. Here in the heat of the tropics a large army of men tear about in the bush in rattling, jumping

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Mr. James Douglas in the Sunday Express

'Enthralling . . . its silken irony . . . like the effect produced by Tolstoy's "War and Peace." It is devastating in its quiet enchantment.'

Daily Telegraph

'A collection of brilliant essays. Captain Liddell Hart's literary skill is not surpassed by that of any contemporary military writer, and his "Reputations" stimulate thought. Balance is maintained throughout.'

Christian Science Monitor

'One of the books of the World War that really sheds light on dark places. Excelling even himself . . . Like all Capt. Hart's work "Reputations" is beautiful in its vigour and clarity.'

Weekly Dispatch

'Rarely has a more absorbing book of war interest been published.'

Daily Mail

'An excellent book, and one which no one interested in military history should miss. It is essentially just.'

The Spectator

'Not to be missed . . . obviously the fruit of much original research and long thought . . . one is swept along.'

Nottingham Guardian

'Capt. Hart deals fearlessly both with the strength and weakness of such famous soldiers, tracing their influence on the trend of the war. A book which helps to place the war in its proper perspective.'

Western Mail

'Many as have been the books written about the war, Capt. Hart's "Reputations" occupies a high place for the clearness of his criticism and the soundness of his judgment.'

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BOOK NOTES FOR APRIL

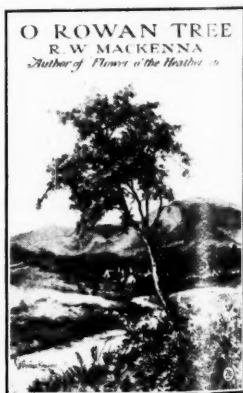
(but otherwise serviceable) fleets of Fords, making repeated attempts to capture the elusive and too clever German commander, Von Lettow. But it is not so much with the 'war' side of the picture that the author concerns himself; instead he interests his reader with a full, satisfying account of his many varied experiences arising from and surrounding the situation of unique travel and novel conditions. Wild country, wild natives, wild nature, and the ever-present human element are subjects exhaustively dealt with by the author with a just regard for proportion, and with a keen sense of humour.

A Gilbertian Marriage

MR. SINCLAIR MURRAY has made great strides as a novelist since his first adventure in fiction with 'John Frensham, K.C.' His new romance, *The Broken Marriage*, tells of a girl who, confronted with a great problem, asks a stranger to marry her on the understanding that they part at once, with no obligations on either side. The man, a quixotic wanderer, agrees. Fate then takes the girl to Africa, where another man falls in love with her. Her lips are sealed as to the past, but solution to the difficulty comes in what seems to be her last hour, when death is very close. And with the solution comes her happiness and peace.

Scottish wit, tears and smiles

MR. MACKENNA's new book, *O Rowan Tree*, will delight all lovers of 'Flower o' the Heather' and 'Bracken and Thistledown.' The title is taken from the haunting refrain of an old Scots song, and it depicts in a series of stories and character studies life in a lowland Scottish village a generation ago. The personalities of the village worthies are vividly realised and charmingly presented. The characters are lovable even in their foibles and petty bigotries; they are splendid in their quiet heroisms, noble in their self-sacrifice. A wholesome, happy humour runs through almost every page. Quaint and pawky wit lies in wait to trip us into laughter, and sometimes, as we laugh, we are on the verge of tears. The stories are fragrant as southern wood, and bracing with the freshness of a moorland breeze.



MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS

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By **BECKLES WILLSON.** With Portraits. 21s. net.

For the bulk of his material Colonel Willson has had full access to the archives of the Embassy, a privilege granted for the first time, and much fresh light is accordingly shed upon contemporary Franco-American relations. He has also used private letters of the envoys and members of their families, with the object of presenting a vivid character sketch of each of the thirty-odd American plenipotentiaries to France.

THE RULER OF BARODA

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE MAHARAJA GAEKWAR

By **PHILIP W. SERGEANT, B.A.** With Illustrations. 16s. net.

Mr. Sergeant, during a long stay at Baroda, was given every facility by the Maharaja for gathering information and examining the work of the State in all its branches, and the result will be found to be a very interesting account of a progressive State and the varied life of its very remarkable ruler, who, incidentally, is well known and deservedly popular in this country.

ON THE STAGE: An Autobiography

By **GEORGE ARLISS.** With Illustrations. 16s. net.

Multitudes of theatre-goers on both sides of the Atlantic have seen and applauded Mr. George Arliss's unique qualities of characterization on the stage, and his success in 'The Green Goddess' is too recent to call for emphasis. Now he has told the story of his life and his stage work in a chronicle packed with interest and humour and having plenty of side-pictures of well-known men and women.

THE AGE OF THE GODS

**A STUDY IN THE ORIGINS OF CULTURE IN PREHISTORIC EUROPE
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This work is the first attempt to survey, in a synthetic form and in a single volume, the results of the latest researches of English and Continental scholars, not only into the history of the great civilizations of the Ancient East, but also into the cultural development of prehistoric Europe.

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BOOK NOTES FOR APRIL

A Popular Indian Ruler

SO much prominence has been given to Baroda and its ruler during this century that it is considered fitting to publish now a true account of the outstanding work which has been done under the present Maharaja, in the development of the State and its resources and the improvement of the condition of its inhabitants. This account of the life and work of *The Ruler of Baroda* has been written by Mr. Philip W. Sergeant, who, during a long stay at Baroda, was given every facility for gathering information and examining the work of the State in all its branches. Incidentally, the book shows the interesting result of a human experiment, for the Maharaja lived the life of a peasant boy until his twelfth birthday, deprived of the most elementary education and without any expectations for the future. It argues much for his character that, when suddenly lifted to great riches and subjected to a course of intensive culture, which would have given most boys a profound distaste for study, he not only realised his deficiencies, but succeeded in making them good. For forty-five years he has steadily pursued the path of duty towards his State, and the story of his life is an example worthy to be followed far beyond his own frontiers.

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for May will contain among other contributions a further instalment of Stanley Weyman's romance *The 'Lively Peggy'*; *Lacy's Answer*, by the Comtesse de Chanay, a Shakespearean student's re-telling of the Essex conspiracy and the part played in it by Shakespeare and his friends. *Adventures in the Indian Jungle*, by George Hogan Knowles, including an account of the sport of India's ancient kings, the hunting of wild stags with the assistance of trained fighting stags. *Impressions of Milan*, a study of books and men of letters, by Orlo Williams; *Men not Measures: an Experiment in Poor Law Administration*, by Edith Sellers.

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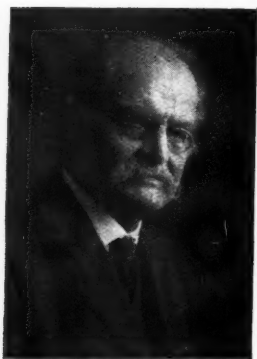
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How Mark Twain told Anecdotes

IN writing his reminiscences, which he entitles *On the Stage*, Mr. George Arliss possesses an advantage over many other writers of the same company in that he has been in personal contact with a large number of his readers—at least he likes to think so. The actor has known many celebrities on both sides of the Atlantic, and he writes of them with insight and humour. ‘I shall never forget,’ he says, ‘the thrill I got when I first found myself seated next to Mark Twain at luncheon. I believe I have mentioned that my earliest reading was Mark Twain and the Bible. I think I read Mark Twain first. Mark arrived in great form; he took the stand and kept it nearly the whole afternoon. I was in luck: I had nothing to say, and more than anything in the world at that moment I wanted to hear Mark Twain talk. He had, as every one knows, a most picturesque head, lit up by those keen and humorous eyes, and decorated with his shaggy hair and brows. But what interested me most was his manner of telling his yarns. Everything he said seemed to be spontaneous, spoken with a slow and fascinating hesitancy. But as the afternoon went on, my experience as an actor told me that there was method in the telling of all his stories; they had been carefully “constructed” so that each point should come in its right place and should lead up to a climax.’

An Unconventional Biography

AN unconventional biography and some reminiscences of Mr. A. L. Smith, late Master of Balliol, has been prepared by his wife, with the help of an old schoolfellow. The book is intended to give an intimate portrait of A. L. S. to the many who came under his influence, both in college and in the world at large. His old schoolfellow presents a vivid account of Mr. Smith's early years, spent from the age of six onwards at Christ's Hospital, and he also writes of the Balliol of his later undergraduate days. Mrs. Smith's reminiscences dwell on the domestic side as well as on the academic, and they include the story of her own early life. Later comes a picture of Oxford in



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BOOK NOTES FOR MAY

the 'eighties, and the record of the strenuous life of A. L. S. first as History Tutor, then as Master, ending with the troubled years of the Great War and its aftermath.

A Brilliant Career

THE chief interest of Mr. Justice Alpers' memoirs, *Cheerful Yesterdays*, lies in the wonderful picture of his fine personality; but, in addition, the book is another vindication of our Empire's claim to be the Land of Opportunity. This story shows that it is as true to-day as it ever was to say that the British Empire yields to no other comity of States in the possibilities it affords to energetic and brilliant youth of every class to achieve fortune, rank, and fame. Mr. Justice Alpers' life in New Zealand began in obscurity when he was eight years old, with the additional handicap of his being able to speak no other language but his native Danish. He subsequently earned a livelihood in various professions, and finally, at the age of fifty-eight, he was accorded a unique honour in being made a judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand. Thus his life and its achievements may be said to constitute an admirable tribute to a vigorous Dominion and to an Empire proud of this her valiant foster-child.

A Love Story—but Big with Achievement

'DUST' is the second novel by Miss Armine Von Tempski, the young author of 'Hula' who has spent her life on the Hawaiian Islands. It is a true story of a man who literally saves an island from being blown away by the mighty Pacific trade winds—a gaunt, abandoned island; a victim of man's greed. The main theme is a novel one, but the man's fight for the girl whom he loves, his fierce struggle with relentless nature, and the hate of his enemy, combine it with the oldest theme in the world. This is a dramatic story of vital people, portrayed with great skill.



ARMINE VON TEMPSKI

Claudius Rich—a Remarkable Pioneer

As a child, Miss Constance Alexander revelled in the romantic stories and anecdotes relating to the life of her great-great-uncle Claudius James Rich, and now, a woman grown, she confesses that they still hold for her the soul of adventure, the

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'A first novel of remarkable quality. Miss Duffield has a style of natural, unforced vigour, which is exhilarating to read. An exceptionally interesting book.'—*Liverpool Post.*

'This excellent story set accurately in the secretive blue city of Peking. This drama of suppressed emotions has an enigmatic power.'—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

'A story of real interest and charm.'—*Daily Telegraph.*

'A remarkable study.'—*Referee.*

'The author has the instincts of the true artist. She makes her characters show how the Eastern mind differs from the Western. The dramatic moments are never forced or artificial.'—*Church Times.*

'Distinctly original and refreshing.'—*Daily Mail.*

'Anne Duffield handles her picturesque tragedies with a master touch, and evolves a fascinating novel.'—*John o' London's Weekly.*

'Never have I found the contrast between the impulsive Occident and the imperturbable Orient more entertainingly treated.'—*Lady.*

'Both charming and of absorbing interest.'—*The Guardian.*

'Every character is drawn with a sure but delicate touch. A supremely good novel.'—*Harrogate Herald.*

'This delicious tale. The characters are so diverse, so widely different, yet inextricably bound up in one another's destiny, that the book grips and holds until the very end.'—*Western Mail.*

'A remarkably vivid and arresting story of China.'—*Nottingham Guardian.*

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BOOK NOTES FOR MAY

mystery of travel into the unknown, and the weaving of heroic dreams which, in this more prosaic age, do not so readily come. The tale of his adventures proved more fascinating than a fairy story to this great-great-niece, especially as some of his intimate possessions, his actual snuff-boxes, padlock and key of his travelling trunk, the ball and powder case, and even some of his beautiful robes that he had worn on public ceremonies at Baghdad, were handed down to her. After much research into letters, diaries, and the official reports of the East India Company, and through boxes and old bookshelves, Miss Alexander has succeeded in writing, under the title of *Baghdad in Bygone Days*, an account of the life and work of this remarkable traveller whose name is now almost forgotten, but whose pioneer work deserves a full record.

A Fragrant Love Story

MISS ELSWYTH THANE, who first wrote 'Riders of the Wind' and then 'Echo Answers,' has now completed a new and fragrant love story—*His Elizabeth*. It all began with Tommy Chandler kissing Elizabeth behind a hedge in Surrey, when they were almost children. Years afterwards he saw her radiant in Paris, but the course of his love lived up to the old adage for a time, and it taxed all the wit and humour of Tommy's mother to avert disaster. Nevertheless, this is a joyous tale, where love laughs at rhyme and reason and identity.



An Old Civil Servant Remembers

ILLUMINATION upon the much-discussed relations of the Treasury to the Civil Service is contained in the late Sir John Kempe's *Reminiscences of an Old Civil Servant*. He entered the Treasury in 1867 and consequently had an appreciable share in the financial administration of the Civil Service. In addition, he describes his travels round the coasts of the United Kingdom on the inspection of the Customs ports and as member of the Royal Commissions on Communication with Lightships and Island Lighthouses, which he illustrates with some of his original sketches. Also, he tells of his career as Private Secretary which began during Mr. Disraeli's first administration in 1868, and

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BOOK NOTES FOR MAY

afterwards as Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer during the six years of Mr. Disraeli's second administration. He includes, in facsimile, many amusing and interesting letters from Lord Beaconsfield and others, as well as an original telegram of considerable interest from Queen Victoria.

Illumination on Civilisation's Scourge

IT is expected that Mr. J. Ellis Barker's new book on *Cancer: The Surgeon and the Researcher*, will make an even greater sensation than its predecessor, 'Cancer: How it is caused, How it can be Prevented,' published in 1924, for it sets out to prove that all the doctrines on which modern cancer treatment is based are faulty and untenable. He convincingly shows that the disease is *not* due to a microbe, nor to cell degeneration, nor to old age, and that it is not a constitutional one. It is a commonplace disease, the author avers, which 'can be eliminated by common-sense measures,' if 'the blight of the laboratory' is got rid of.



Some Delightful Scottish Stories

'O N thy fair stem were many names,
Which now nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart—
Forgot they ne'er can be!
O Rowan tree!'

This haunting and well-loved old Scottish refrain gave Dr. R. W. Mackenna the title for his new volume of sketches of Scottish life; he calls it *O Rowan Tree*. Dr. Mackenna creates for us the true atmosphere, and his characters are always personalities, vividly realised and presented with the sure confidence of sincerity. As the successor to 'Flower of the Heather' and 'Bracken and Thistledown,' *O Rowan Tree* has a very high reputation to live up to, but the privileged few who have read the new book in advance, and who are lovers of the two earlier volumes, have voted *O Rowan Tree* not a whit inferior, which is sufficient praise.

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BOOK NOTES FOR MAY

A Powerful Romance of the East

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD'S vehement novel *The Downfall of the Gods* is just reissued after being unavailable for a considerable time. The story describes the plot against the Brahmans, the wholesale massacre of the ruling caste, the ghastly death of the leper king, the brutal tyranny of Chun, the famine and anarchy that follow. But it is Chun's blind and insensate passion for Gunda, this Thaïs of the Temple, to which that of Antony for Cleopatra seems but a dream of twilight, that is the real theme. Sir Hugh Clifford has here expressed, with beauty and feeling, all the fascinating melancholy and mystery of the East.

Four New Additions to Cheap Fiction

EACH year a certain number of outstanding new titles are added to Murray's Two-Shilling Novels, which now comprise 132 volumes. The four latest to be included are Mr. Stanley Weyman's historical romance *Queen's Folly*; Dr. R. W. Mackenna's stirring tale *Through Flood and Fire*; Mrs. Kathleen Norris's story of die-hard family pride *The Black Flemings*; and Mrs. Allen Harker's *Hilda Ware*, whose theme is the eternal triangle treated in an original manner.

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for June will contain among other articles a further instalment of Stanley J. Weyman's romance *The 'Lively Peggy'*; *Thought and Brain: A Guess by Shakespeare*, by D. Fraser-Harris, M.D.; *Beyond Soundings: A Study from Deep Sea Life*, by R. Lloyd Praeger, D.Sc.; *Dramas of My Garden*, by Horace G. Hutchinson; *Business in Fiction*, by W. Alexander.

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and any bookseller will supply.*

BOOK NOTES FOR JUNE

A. L. Smith, Master of Balliol

MRS. A. L. SMITH, wife of the late Master of Balliol, has written the story of her husband's life as she remembers it over a period of more than fifty years. The reminiscences include the story of Mrs. Smith's own early life, and she hopes that in some degree it may help to give a clearer picture of this loved teacher to the many to whom A. L. S. was perhaps only known amid the stir and stress of lecture-rooms and conferences. A vivid account of his early years, spent from the age of six onward at Christ's Hospital, is contributed by an old schoolfellow, who also writes of the Balliol of his later undergraduate days.

'Strange Adventure—Maiden Wedded'



THE upholding of high ideals, a rigid code of family honour, and a too-heavy burden of responsibility has often led young people into quixotic situations, but never was impetuous action more strange than Vere Craig's, when she asked a complete stranger to marry her on the understanding that they parted at once, with no obligations on either side. The man, a wanderer, agreed. But the gods are often ironical before they are kind, and the girl found her pathway thereafter beset with problems. However, there proved to be a not unhappy solution to this *Broken Marriage* and

Mr. Sinclair Murray reveals it with all his artist's skill.

White of Selborne

How does Gilbert White stand with respect to modern research? In his book on *Gilbert White: Pioneer, Poet, and Stylist*, Mr. Walter Johnson has endeavoured to furnish an answer to this question which may be welcomed by young naturalists, by teachers, and by all ardent Selbornians, who, he thinks, may extend a kindly greeting to a reasoned appreciation of their patron saint. The author hopes, also, that the chapters on White's style will have a general appeal. There has hitherto existed a widespread belief that White's manuscripts contain vast stores of

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—*Morning Post*.

'He writes with a charming sense of fun.'—*Daily News*.

'In his racy book Mr. Arliss tells some capital stories.'—
Liverpool Post.

'Good stories of theatrical life.'—*Nottingham Guardian*.

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BOOK NOTES FOR JUNE

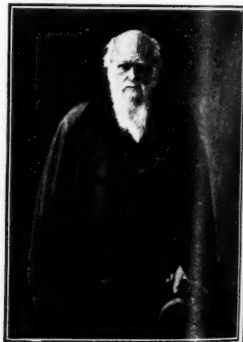
material so far not investigated. The belief is unfounded, and it may safely be asserted that all the information of scientific value not previously extracted therefrom by Aikin, Jesse, Holt-White, or Gilbert White himself, has now been transcribed and made public in Mr. Johnson's pages.

Something New

AT last something new has come from the mystery makers,' writes *The Times* in reviewing Lord Gorell's new detective novel, which has already run into a second printing. 'The Devouring Fire,' the critic continues, 'gets to the apex. In order completely to enjoy the usual order of mystery story the reader has to shed himself of any faculty of incredulity he may possess. But Lord Gorell makes no demands. Come with all your wariness and realism about you, yet he will force you to take the strange happenings at The Grange on credit.'

Darwin—the Real Man

IN recent years have appeared several lives of Darwin—Huxley's, Bradford's, Dorsey's, all notable books—but none that has attempted, as Mr. Henshaw Ward has done in *Charles Darwin: the Man and His Warfare*, to present a complete and searching study of the man, his life of action and research and writing, the growth of his opinions and the meaning of his life in modern science. Darwin's life was highly dramatic—a life of warfare against superstition in science. The growth of his theory is told as part of the story of his life, by a biographer who has studied the mazes of evolution and is a past-master in the art of making them clear and interesting. Previous biographers have made it appear that Darwin was only one of a flock of evolutionists. Mr. Ward shows his sheer originality, his utter loneliness while he developed his proof, the unique and enduring power of his theory. And from this narrative Darwin's personality emerges as a beautiful and precious thing in the history of human thought.



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BOOK NOTES FOR JUNE

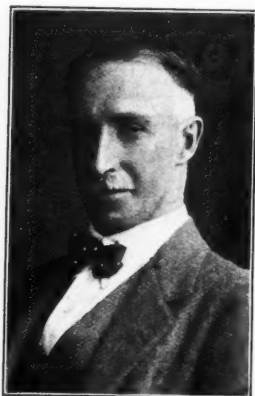
'The English Dumas'

THERE is nothing like a classical author for comfort in an 'Armchair,' writes *Londoner* in *The Evening News* in his tribute at the passing of that great romanticist, *Stanley Weyman*, who has been described as 'the English Dumas.' Among English writers of the cloak-and-sword romantic school he was unsurpassed, and the world of historical fiction is decidedly poorer for his loss. *The 'Lively Peggy,'* now running serially in the CORNHILL, is his last novel. There are twenty-three others, published in a Uniform Edition on Thin Paper, in an attractive pocket size and bound in Cloth and Leather. They are arranged chronologically and the first volume contains an Introduction by Mr. Stanley Weyman.

Indian Art

THERE has been a remarkable growth of interest in Indian art, both in Europe and in India, in recent years, and appreciation has grown with better knowledge. Many writers have further explored the wonderful field of artistic research which India offers and have added greatly to its literature. Among these writers is Mr. E. B. Havell, who, in consequence of many changes, has found it necessary to revise thoroughly his book on *Indian Sculpture and Painting*, both in the illustrations and the text. The volume is now completely up to date and the wealth of new material available has enabled the author greatly to improve the quality of many of the illustrations.

An Old Theme but with an Original Viewpoint



MR. ALAN SULLIVAN

SHIPWRECK on a deserted island has been the theme of many stories, but in *No Secrets Island* Mr. Alan Sullivan, the author of 'The Jade God,' has treated the subject in a new way. A girl and two men—one a brute by nature and the other by legal condemnation—are stranded together, and how the circumstances react on themselves and on their dealings with each other brings about curiously interesting developments. In the end they all escape, but not by the same way. In that, and in their adventures and the eventual clearing up of the tangle of events in a happy finish, lies a very attractive story.

Q 'Lord Gorell has discovered something new in detective fiction.' — THE TIMES

THE DEVOURING FIRE

By LORD GORELL



RALPH STRAUS in the *The Sunday Times*

'A murder mystery which has three distinct points in its favour. It is well written—it leads you delightfully astray, and this must surely be unique—it does not finish when at the end of a most sensational trial, the verdict has been given, and the last penalty has been paid. It is for the last pages that the author has reserved his most ingenious idea. A most excellent thriller.'

Times Literary Supplement

'"The Devouring Fire" gets to the apex. Come with all your wariness and realism about you, yet Lord Gorell will force you to take the strange happenings at The Grange on credit. At last something new has come from the mystery makers.'

Mrs. M. H. HAMILTON speaking from the *B.B.C. London Station* said: 'It is a first-rate yarn: the ending was, to me, a genuine surprise, and yet, when one looks back quite convincing; and the *dramatis personae* are sharply individualised. Also there is an admirable Court scene.'

Evening Standard

'A capital thriller . . . most ingenious.'

Daily Mail

'Lord Gorell's skill . . . a murder story that really thrills. The interest does not end with the gallows; at that stage the most thrilling part of the book begins . . . a genuinely exciting tale.'

Dundee Courier

'Demonstrates his masterly skill as a writer of detective stories. This must rank as clearly outstanding in the detective fiction of the season.'

Glasgow Herald

'A murder story on new lines. An ingenious book, well written and skilfully knit together, containing an element of surprise which will defeat the most experienced detective story reader.'

Second Impression 7s. 6d. net

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BOOK NOTES FOR JUNE

An Interesting Jubilee

IT is interesting to note that this year, on Primrose Day, Mr. Wilfred J. Cripps's long-famous book on *Old English Plate* attains its Jubilee. Since the first edition appeared the subject has attracted a constantly increasing share of public attention, and a knowledge of its many points of interest has become general. Specimens of ancient secular plate are more eagerly sought for than ever before by collector and connoisseur, as the astonishing prices of the auction-room during the past seasons, whenever good specimens of ancient plate have been offered for sale, abundantly testify. There can be no doubt that the real interest and value of Old English Plate is understood now as it never was before.

Romance—with a Novel Theme

'WIND blown, trampled down by overstocking, the crimson wreck of an island sprawled in the fierce blue sea. Gaunt and worn out. Abandoned. Dark stories were whispered about it.' When Saxon came to Kahoolawe it was himself and his future that mattered, but he found a newer, greater purpose in the plight of the dying island. The story of his struggles and his triumphant achievement is vividly told in *Dust: the Romance of an Island in Hawaiian Seas*, which is Miss Von Tempski's successor to her first novel 'Hula.'

'Youth is Knocking at the Gate'

WHEN Miss Mary Grace Ashton, who is still in her teens, published her first novel 'Race' the critics praised the book abundantly and with discrimination. Now she has written *Shackles of the Free*, whose theme is how far can we really be free from the shackles of circumstance and the bonds which tie us to our families and friends. Diana considered herself able to control not only her own but her friends' destinies. John sought freedom in doing neither. Ruth thought that she had married freedom, but found something very different. Simon sought freedom by throwing off the bonds of religion, Gavin by assuming them. How these all learned their lesson, how their characters de-



MARY GRACE ASHTON

R. W. MACKENNA'S

New Volume of Scottish Stories

O ROWAN TREE.



The title of Dr. MacKenna's new book is taken from the haunting refrain of an old Scots song. The book will delight all lovers of 'Flower o' the Heather' and 'Bracken and Thistledown.' It depicts, in a series of stories and character studies, life in a lowland Scottish village a generation ago. A wholesome, happy humour runs through almost every page: quaint and pawky wit lies in wait to trip us into laughter, and sometimes, as we laugh, we are on the verge of tears. The stories are fragrant as southern-wood, and bracing with the freshness of a moorland breeze.

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JOHN MURRAY . Albemarle Street . LONDON, W. 1.

BOOK NOTES FOR JUNE

veloped and interacted on each other is told in this skilfully conceived story which will not disappoint the many admirers of 'Race.'

A Joyous Tale, where Love Laughs

TOMMY CHANDLER saw her, so lovely she made his heart turn over, passing in the Rue de la Paix—Elizabeth whom he had kissed goodbye behind a hedge in Surrey and had never heard of since. He followed her to a little village in the south of France, waylaid her in a garden, asked if she remembered and made her promise to marry him. Then unexpected complications arose, and disillusionment, but finally love laughed and triumphed: the reader must discover how in Miss Elswyth Thane's fascinating story of *His Elizabeth*.

Three New Issues

MR. MURRAY'S Popular Three-and-Six Novels Series has just been enriched by the addition of three new volumes. *Sheaves from the Cornhill* is a varied selection from the many first-rate stories which have appeared in this magazine during recent years; while *The Hill* and *Brothers* are Mr. Horace A. Vachell's most famous novels and assuredly 'need no bush.'

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for July will contain among other contributions *The Wreck of the 'St. Abbs,'* by Colonel Sir Edward C. Ross, Kt., C.S.I.; *Pen Portraits in Jane Austen's Novels*, by John H. Hubback; *University Life after 1790*, by the Rev. James Wall; *A Lordly Impostor: 'Louis de Rougemont,'* by Arthur Jose; and a further instalment of Stanley Weyman's romance, *The 'Lively Peggy.'*

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